A

NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

FITTED TO THE

TUNES uſed in CHURCHES.

BIBLIOTHE

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NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents by ill Advice to walk;
Nor stands in Sinners Ways, nor sits where men profanely talk.
2 But makes the perfect Law of God his Business and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day, and meditates by Night.

3 Like some fair Tree, which fed by Streams with timely Fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and Success all his Designs attend.
4 Ungodly Men and their Attempts no last'ng Root shall find;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd like Chaff before the Wind.

5 Their Guilt shall strike the Wicked dumb before their Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite shall then amongst the Saints have place.
6 For God approves the just Man's Ways, to Happiness they tend;
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread shall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

WITH restless and ungovern'd Rage why do the Heathen storm?
Why in such rash Attempts engage, as they can ne'er perform?
2 The great in Counsel and in Might their various Forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite, and his anointed King.

3 "Must we submit to their Commands?" presumptuously they say:
"No, let us break their slavish Bands, and cast their chains away."
4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high, and sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring Strength defy, and mocks their vain Design.

5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break on his rebellious Foes:
And thus will he in Thunder speak to all that dare oppose.
6 "Though madly you dispute my Will, the King that I ordain,
"Whose Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill, shall there securely reign."

7 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare God's uncontroul'd Decree;
Thou art my son, this Day my Heir have I begotten thee.
8 "Ask and receive thy full Demands; thine shall the Heathen be;
"The utmost Limits of the Lands shall be possess'd by thee.

9 "Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou shalt shake and crush them ev'ry where;
"As massy Bars of Iron break the Potters brittle Ware."
10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear, ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worship the Lord with holy Fear; rejoice with awful Mirth.

12 Appease the Son with due Respect, your timely Homage pay;
Lest he revenge the bold Neglect, incens'd by your Delay.
13 If but in part his Anger rise, who can endure the Flame?
Then blest are they whose Hope relies on his most holy Name.

PSALM III.

HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown the Troublers of my Peace?
And, as their Numbers hourly rise, so does their Rage increase,
2 Insulting they my Soul upbraid, and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he trusts, say they, shall rescue him no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence; on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet lift up my Head on high.
4 Since, whensoe'er in like Distress to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill, why should I now despair?

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down my sweet Repose to take:
For I through him securely sleep, through him in Safety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes my Courage shall confound,
Where they as many Hosts as Men that have beset me round.

7 Arise and save me, O my God, who oft hast own'd my Cause,
And scatter'd oft these Foes to me, and to thy righteous Laws
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs, he only can defend;
His Blessing he extends to all, that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV, V, VI, VII.

PSALM IV.

O LORD, that art my righteous Judge, to my Complaint give Ear;
Thou still redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs, have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men, to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue, and ſpread malicious Lies?

3 Conſider, that the righteous Man is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r, he always hears my Voice.
4 Then ſtand in awe of his Commands, flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts, and bend them to his Will.

5 The Place of other Sacrifice let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fixt, on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow more proſp'rous Times to ſee,
Still let the Glories of thy Face ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.

7 So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy more laſting and more true,
Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine ſucceſſively renew.
8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head, and take my needful Reſt;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave, of thy Defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.

LORD, hear the Voice of my Compl'int, accept my ſecret Pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God, will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear, and with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up, to thee devoutly pray.

4 For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain can't never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling Place all Evil dost remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain unpuniſh'd in thy View;
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.

6 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth, by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood and in Deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes, and humbly there adore.

8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws, for watchful is my Foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way, wherein I ought to go.
9 Their mouth vents nothing but Deceit, their Heart is ſet on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave, they flatter with their Tongue.

10 By their own Counſels let them fall, oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws have hard'ned Rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe, who truſt in thee, with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preſerv'ſt, and all that love thy Name.

12 To righteous men the righteous Lord his Bleſſings will extend,
And with his Favour all his Saints as with a Shield defend.

PSALM VI.

1 WHY dreadful anger, Lord, reſtrain, and ſpare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath, too heavy to be borne.
2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint, unable to endure
The anguiſh of my aching Bones, which thou alone canſt cure.

3 My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind, and fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long will thou delay to grant me thy Relief?
4 Thy wonted goodneſs, Lord, repeat, and eaſe my troubled Soul:
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's ſake, vouchſafe to make me whole.

5 For after Death no more can I thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Priſoner of the ſilent Grave can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint, no Hope of Eaſe I ſee;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs, is ſpent in Tears by me.

7 My beauty fades, my ſight grows dim, my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe:
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think on my inſulting Foes.
8 Depart, ye Wicked, in my Wrongs ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears, and liſtens to my Voice.

9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r; and they, that with my Fall,
Shall bluſh and rage to ſee, that God proteſts me from them all.

PSALM VII.

O Lord, my God, ſince I have plac'd my Truſt alone in thee,
From all my Perſecutors Rage do thou deliver me.
2 To ſave me from my threat'ning Foe, Lord, interpoſe thy Pow'r;
Leſt, like a ſavage Lion, he my helpleſs Soul devour.

3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er against his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life, who fought unjustly mine;
5 Let then to persecuting Foes my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life, in Dust my Honour lay.

6 Arise and let thine Anger, Lord, in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my Foes, and their insulting Rage;
Awake, awake, in my Behalf, the Judgment to d spense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd for injur'd Innocence.

7 So to thy Throne adoring Crowds shall still for Justice fly:
O! therefore for their Sakes resume thy Judgment Seat on High.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World, I trust my Cause to thee;
According to my just Deserts, so let thy Sentence be.

9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Just, thou God, to whom the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects, not only me, but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for those, who from his Laws depart.

12 If they perfist, he whets his sword, his Bow stands ready bent;
13 Ev'n now with fatal Destruction wing'd his pointed Shafts are sent.
14 The Plots are fruitless, which my Foe unjustly did conceive:
15 The Pit, he digg'd for me, has prov'd his own untimely Grave.

16 On his own Head his Spite returns, whilst I from Harm am free;
On him the Violence is fall'n, which he design'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the Praise of God most High, and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art thou! how glorious is thy Name?
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung, nor truly reckon'd there;

2 And ye' thou mak'st the Infant Tongue thy boundless Praise declare:
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong, and crush their haughty Foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked Throng, that thee and thine oppose.

3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high, employs my wond'ring sight;
The Moon that nightly rules the Sky, with Stars of feebler Light;
4 What's Man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st to him so wond'rous kind?

5 Him next in Pow'r thou did'st create to thy celestial train;
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State o'er all thy Works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway; the Beasts that prey or graze;
8 The Bird that wings its airy Way; the Fish that cuts the Seas.

9 O thou to whom all Creatures bow within this earthly frame,
Through all the World how great art thou? how glorious is thy Name?

PSALM IX.

TO celebrate thy Praise, O Lord, I will my Heart prepare;
To all the listning World thy Works, thy wond'rous Works, declare.
2 The Thought of them shall to my Soul exalted Pleasures bring;
While to thy Name, O thou most High, triumphant Praise I sing.

3 Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn their Backs in shameful Flight;
Struck with thy Presence down they fell, they perish'd at thy Sight.
4 Against insulting foes advanc'd thou didst my Cause maintain;
My Right asserting from thy Throne, where Truth and Justice reign.

5 The Insolence of Heathen Pride thou hast reduc'd to shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite destroy'd, and blotted out their Name.
6 Mistaking Foes! your haughty Threats are to a Period come:
Our City stands, which you design'd to make our common Tomb.

7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Justice to dispense; to punish or reward.
God is a confiant sure Defence against oppressing Rage:
9 As Troubles rise, his needful Aids in our Behalf engage.

10 All those, who have his Goodness prov'd, will in his truth confide;
Whose Mercy never forsook the Man, that on his Help rely'd.
11 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord; from Sion his Abode
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World confess no other God.

PSALM X, XI.

The Second Part.

12 When he inquiry makes for Blood, he'll call the Poor to mind:
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint Relief from him shall find.
13 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord, which spiteful Foes create,
Thou, that has rescued me so oft from Death's devouring Gate.

14 In Sion then I'll sing thy Praise, to all that love thy Name;
And with loud shouts of grateful Joy thy saving Pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the Pit, they digg'd for me, the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare insensibly betray'd.

16 Thus by the just Returns he makes, the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots are shamefully o'erthrown.
17 No single Sinner shall escape by Privacy o'erur'd;
Nor Nation from his just Revenge by Numbers be secur'd.

18 His suff'ring Saints, when most distrest, he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation shall be crown'd, though for a Time delay'd.
19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r, and let not Man o'ercome;
Descend to Judgment, and pronounce the guilty Heathen's Doom.

20 Strike Terror thro' the Nations round, till, by consenting Fear,
They, to each other, and themselves, but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY Presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord? why hid'st thou now thy Face,
When dismal Times of deep Distress call for thy wonted Grace?
2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride, have made the Poor their Prey,
O let them fall by those Designs, which they for others lay.

3 For straight they Triumph, if Success their thriving Crimes attend:
And sordid Wretches, whom God hates, perversely they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themselves their haughty Pride disdains;
And therefore in their stubborn Mind no Thought of God remains.

5 Oppressive Methods they pursue, and all their Foes they slight;
Because thy judgments unobserv'd are far above their Sight.
6 They fondly think their prosp'rous State shall unmolested be;
They think their vain designs shall thrive, from all misfortune free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech, with Curses fill'd and Lies;
By which the Mischief of their Heart they study to disguise.
8 Near public Roads they lie conceal'd, and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once to rifle and destroy.

9 Not Lions, couching in their Dens, surprise their helpless Prey
With greater cunning, or express more savage Rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmless Man, and modest Looks they wear;
That so deceiv'd, the Poor may less their sudden Onset fear.

The Second Part

11 For God, they think, no Notice takes of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring Poor, nor their Oppressors heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise; stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r, defend the Poor from Harm.

13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt, and proudly boasting say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do; he never will repay."
14 Surely thou seest, and all their Deeds impartially dost try;
The Orphan therefore and the Poor on thee for Aid rely.

15 Defenceless let the Wicked fall, of all their Strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark Designs, till no Remains are left.
16 Assert thy just Dominion, Lord, which shall for ever stand;
Thou, who the Heathen didst expel from this thy chosen Land.

17 Thou dost the humble Supplants hear, that to thy Throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray, and then accept'st their Prayer.
18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'st the Fatherless and Poor;
That so the Tyrants of the Earth may persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Trust in God, a Refuge always nigh
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird, to distant Mountains fly?
2 Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow, and ready fix their Dart:
Lurking in Ambush to destroy the Man of upright Heart.

3 When once the firm Assurance fails which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly from such deceitful Arts.

4 The Lord hath built a temple here, and righteous throne above;
Where he surveys the sons of men, and how their counsels move.
5 If God the righteous, whom he loves, for trial does correct;
What must the sons of violence, whom he abhors, expect?

6 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge into their cup shall pour.
7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds with signal favour grace;
And to the upright man disclose the brightness of his face.

PSALM XII.

SINCE godly men decay, O Lord, do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford one just and faithful friend.
2 One neighbour now can scarce believe what t'other doth impart;
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive, and with a double heart.

3 But lips that with deceit abound can never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound the proud blaspheming tongue.
4 In vain those foolish boasters say, "our tongues are sure our own;
"With doubtful words we'll still betray, and be controul'd by none."

5 For God, who hears the suff'ring poor, and their oppression knows,
Will soon arise and give them rest, in spite of all their foes.
6 The word of God shall still abide, and void of falsehood be:
As is the silver, seven times try'd, from drossy mixture free.

7 The promise of his aiding Grace shall reach his purpos'd end;
His servants from this faithless race he ever shall defend.
8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd, nor know which way to fly;
When those, whom they despis'd and vex'd, shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord? must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me; oh! never to return?
2 How long shall anxious Thoughts my Soul, and Grief my Heart oppress;
How long my Enemies insult, and I have no Redress?

3 O hear! and to my Longing Eyes restore thy wonted Light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep in everlasting night.
4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast 'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul to triumph in my Shame.

5 Since I have always plac'd my Trust beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy saving Health will come, and then my Heart with Joy shall spring:
6 Then shall my Song, with Praise inspir'd, to thee my God ascend;
Who to thy Servant in Distress such Bounty didst extend.

PSALM XIV.

SURE, wicked Fools must needs suppose that God is nothing but a Name;
So corrupt and lewd their Practice grows, no breast is warm'd with holy flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high tow'rs, and all the sons of men
To see if any own'd his pow'r, if any truth or justice knew. [did view,

3 But all, he saw, were gone astray, all were degen'rate grown and base;
None took Religion for their Guide, not one of all the sinful Race.
4 But can these Workers of Deceit be all so dull and senseless grown;
That they, like Bread, my People eat, and God's Almighty Pow'r disown?

5 How will they tremble then for fear, when his just wrath shall them o'ertake!
For to the Righteous God is near, and never will their cause forsake.
6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expose those methods, which the good pursue;
Since God a Refuge is for those whom his just eyes with favour view.

7 Would he his saving pow'r employ to break his people's servile band?
Then shouts of universal joy should loudly echo thro' the Land.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts repair?
Not stranger-like, to visit them, but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed by rules of virtue moves;
Who dares his inmost heart to read, the thing he hears approves.

3 Who never did a slander forge his neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report, by malice whisper'd round.
4 Who vice in all its pomp and pow'r, can treat with just neglect;
And piety, tho' clothed in rags, religiously respect.

5 Who to his plighted vows and truft has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his loſs, he makes his promiſe good.
6 Whoſe ſoul in uſury diſdains his treaſure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltleſs to deſtroy.
7 The man, who by his ſteady courſe has happineſs inſur'd,
When earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand, by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

PROTECT me from my cruel foes, and ſhield me, Lord, from harm;
Becauſe my truſt I ſtill repoſe on thy Almighty arm.
2 My ſoul all help but thine does ſlight, all gods but thee diſown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite the goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.
3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are, and love the thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer ſhall be my chief delight.
4 How ſhall their ſorrows be increas'd, who other Gods adore?
Their bloody offerings I deteſt, their very names abhor.
5 My lot is fall'n in that bleſt land, where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand; 'tis he ſupports my throne.
6 In nature's moſt delightful ſcene my happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign all other lands out-vies.
7 Therefore my ſoul ſhall bleſs the Lord, whoſe precepts give me light,
And private counſel ſtill afford in ſorrow's diſmal night.
8 I ſtrive each action to approve to his all-ſeeing eye;
No danger ſhall my hopes remove, becauſe he ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my heart all grief defies, my glory does rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe, wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my breath, my ſoul from Hell ſhalt free:
Nor let thy holy one in death the leaſt corruption ſee.
11 Thou ſhalt the paths of life diſplay, which do thy preſence lead;
Where pleaſures dwell without allay, and joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

HO my juſt plea, and ſad complaint, attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd, a gracious ear afford.
2 As in thy ſight I am approv'd, ſo let my ſentence be;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord, my upright dealing ſee.
3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my heart by day, and viſited by night:
And on the ſtricteſt trial found its ſecret motions right.
Nor ſhall thy juſtice, Lord, alone my heart's deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my tongue ſhall no offence commit.
4 I know what wicked men would do their ſafety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild commands from bloody paths reſtrain.
5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of wrongs, my innocence ſecure;
O guide me in thy righteous ways, and make my footſteps ſure.
6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain to thee my pray'r addreſt;
O now, my God, incline thine ear to this my juſt requeſt.
7 The wonders of thy truth and love in my defence engage,
Thou whoſe right-hand preſerves thy ſaints from their oppreſſors rage.

The Second Part.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt care; thy ſhelt'ring wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage foes, that compaſs me about.
10 O'ergrown with luxury, incloſ'd in their own fat they lie;
And with a proud blaſpheming mouth both God and man defy.
11 Well may they boaſt; for they have now my paths encompaſs'd round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd, and couching on the ground.
12 In poſture of a lion ſet, when greedy of his prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks within a covert way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their plots, their ſwelling rage controul;
From wicked men, who are thy ſword, deliver thou my ſoul.
14 From worldly men thy ſharpeſt ſcourge, whoſe portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly ſtores, aſpire no other bliſs to know;
15 Their race is numerous, that partake their ſubſtance while they live:
Their heirs ſurvive, to whom they may the vaſt remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightneſs, thy face ſhall view without controul:
And, waking, ſhall its image find reflected in my ſoul.

PSALM

PSALM XVIII.

No change of times shall ever shock my firm affection, Lord to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock a fortress and defence to me.
2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God, my truth is in thy mighty pow'r:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad, at home my safe-guard and my tow'r.
3 To thee I'll still address my pray'r, (to whom all praise we justly owe;)
So shall I, by thy watchful care, be guarded from my treacherous foes.
4, 5 By floods of wicked men distress'd, with deadly sorrows compass'd round;
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd, in death's unwieldy fetters bound.
6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r, to God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear, and heard me from his lofty throne.

The Second Part.

7 When God arose to take my part, the conscious earth did quake for fear;
From their firm posts the hills did start, nor could his dreadful fury bear.
8 Thick clouds of smoak dispers'd abroad, ensigns of wrath before him came;
Devouring fire around him glow'd, that coals were kindled at its flame.
9 He left the beauteous realms of light, whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful head,
Beneath his feet substantial night was like a sable carpet spread.
10 The chariot of the King of kings, which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings, with most amazing swiftness flew.
11, 12 Black watry mists and clouds conspir'd with thickest shades his face to hide;
But at his brightness soon retir'd, and fell in showr's of fire and hail.
13 Thro' Heav'ns wide arch a thund'ring peal, God's angry voice did loudly treat;
While earth's sad face, with heaps of hail and flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er with sweat:
14 The sharpen'd arrows round he threw, which made his scatter'd foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble light'ning flew, and quickly finish'd their defeat.
15 The deep its secret stores disclos'd; the world's foundations naked lay,
By his avenging wrath expos'd, which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

The Third Part.

16 The Lord did on my side engage, from Heav'n (his throne) my cause upheld:
And snatch'd me from the furious rage of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.
17 God his resistless power employ'd my strongest foes attempts to break;
Who else with ease had soon destroy'd the weak defence that I could make.
18 Their subtle rage had near prevail'd, when I distrest and friendless lay;
But still, when other succours fail'd, God was my firm support and stay.
19 From dangers that inclos'd me round, he brought me forth and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found, that mov'd him to delight in me.
20 Because in me no guilt remains, God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody stains therefore the Lord is still my friend.
21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight, in his just paths I always trod;
I never did his statutes slight, nor loosely wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure, did ev'n from darling sins refrain;
His favours therefore yet endure, because my heart and hands are clean.

The Fourth Part.

25 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways to various paths of human kind;
They, who for mercy merit praise, with thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
Thou to the just shalt justice show, the pure thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely chuse to go, shall meet with due returns from thee.
27, 28 That he the humble soul will save, and crush the haughty's boasted might
In me the Lord an instance gave, whose darkness he has turn'd to light.
29 On his firm succour I rely'd, and did o'er numerous foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side, the best defended walls to scale.
30 For God's designs shall still succeed; his word will bear the utmost test:
He's a strong shield to all that need, and on his sure protection rest.
31 Who then deserves to be ador'd, but God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who except the mighty Lord, can with resistless pow'r defend?

The Fifth Part.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on, and all my just designs fulfils;
Thro' him my feet can swiftly run, and nimbly climb the steepest hills.
34 Lessons of war from him I take, and manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of steel with ease to break, forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.
35 The buckler of his saving health protects me from assaulting foes;
His hand sustains me still, my wealth and greatness from his bounty flows.
36 My goings he enlarged abroad, till then to narrow paths confin'd;
And when in slipp'ry ways I trod, the method of my steps design'd.

37 Thro' him I num'rous hosts defeat, and flying squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat, till I a final conquest make.
38 Cower'd with wounds, in vain they try their vanquish'd heads again to rear;
Spite of their boasted strength they lie beneath my feet, and grovel there.
39 God, when fresh armies take the field, recruits my strength, my courage warms;
He makes my strong opposers yield, subdu'd by my prevailing arms.
40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes my conqu'ring feet in triumph press
Aided by him I root out those who hate and envy my success.
41 With loud complaints all friends they try'd, but none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cry'd, but God would no assistance lend.
42 Like flying dust which winds pursue, their broken troops I scatter'd round;
Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw, like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground.

The Sixth Part.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now, by God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my sceptre bow, and foreign nations own my sway.
44 Remotest realms their homage send, when my successful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend, charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.
45 All to my summons tamely yield, or soon in battle are dismay'd;
For stronger holds they quit the field, and still in strongest holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd, the rock on whose defence I rest?
The highest Heav'ns his name be rais'd, who me with his salvation bless'd?
47 'Tis God that still supports my right, his just revenge my foes pursues;
'Tis he that, with resistless might, fierce nations to my yoke subdues.
48 My universal safeguard he! from whom my lasting honours flow;
He made me great, and set me free, from my remorseless bloody foe.
49 Therefore to celebrate his fame my grateful voice to Heav'n I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to his name, shall thus be taught to sing his praise;
50 "God to his King deliv'rance sends, shows his anointed signal grace;
"His mercy ever more extends to David and his royal race.

PSALM XIX.

THE Heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord, which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express their great Creator's skill;
2 The dawn of each returning day fresh beams of knowledge brings:
From darkest night's successive rounds divine instruction springs.
3 Their pow'rful language to no realm or region is confin'd:
'Tis nature's voice, and understood alike by all mankind.
4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense thro' earth's extent display:
Whose bright contents the circling sun does round the world convey.
5 No bridegroom, for his nuptials dress'd, has such a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice to run his glorious race.
6 From east to west, from west to east, his restless course he goes;
And thro' his progress cheerful light and vital warmth bestows.

The Second Part.

7 God's perfect law converts the soul, reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word the ignorant inspires.
8 The statutes of the Lord are just, and bring sincere delight:
His pure commands in search of truth affect the feeblest sight.
9 His perfect worship here is fix'd, on sure foundations laid:
His equal laws are in the scales of truth and justice weigh'd.
10 Of more esteem than golden mines, or gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops that from the comb distil.
11 My trusty counsellors they are, and friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those, who by thy precepts live.
12 But what frail man observes, how oft he does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults, thou God that know'st them all.
13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord, dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may the great transgression flee.
14 So shall my prayer and praises be with thy acceptance blest;
And I secure on thy defence, my strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM XX.

THE Lord to thy request attend, and hear thee in distress:
1 The name of Jacob's God defend, and grant thy arms success.
2 To aid thee from his high repair, and strength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy off'rings there, thy burnt sacrifice.

4 To compass thy own heart's desire thy counsels still direct;
Make kindly all events conspire to bring them to effect.
5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid we cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name display'd, "the Lord accept thy pray'r."

6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord our sov'reign will defend;
From Heav'n resistless aid afford, and to his pray'r attend.
7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd, on chariots some rely;
Against them all we'll call to mind the pow'r of God most high.

8 But, from their steeds and chariots thrown, behold them thro' the plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down, while firm our troops remain.
9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in time of need, the pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXI.

THE King, O Lord, with songs of praise shall in thy strength rejoice;
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise to Heav'n his cheerful voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his lips request, not only did'st impart;
But hast with thy acceptance blest the wishes of his heart.

3 Thy goodness and thy tender care have all his hopes out-gone;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear, and set'st it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for life, and thou, O Lord, did'st a short span extend;
And graciously to him afford a life, that ne'er shall end.

5 Thy sure defence thro' nations round has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd with majesty and fame.
6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st and mak'st his joys increase;
While thou to him unclouded show'st the brightness of thy face.

The Second Part.

7 Because the King on God alone for timely aid relies;
His mercy still supports his throne, and all his wants supplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy hidden foes shall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those, that hate thy mild command.

9 When thou against them dost engage, thy fell and dreadful doom,
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage, their hopes and them consume.
10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease, or with their ruin end;
but root out all their guilty race; and to their seed extend.

11 For all their thoughts were set on ill, their hearts on malice bent;
(But thou with watchful care didst fill the ill effects prevent.)
12 In vain by shameful flight they'll try to 'scape thy dreadful might;
While thy swift darts shall safer fly, and gall them in their flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous strength display'd, disclose, and thus exalt thy fame:
While we glad songs of praise compose to thy Almighty name.

PSALM XXII.

MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me when I with anguish faint?
O why so far from me remov'd, and from my loud complaint?
2 All day, but all the day unheard, to thee I do complain:
With cries implore relief all night, but cry all night in vain.

3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge of innocence oppress'd;
And therefore Israel's praises are of right to thee address'd.
4, 5 On thee our ancestors rely'd, and thy deliv'rance found;
With pious confidence they pray'd, and with success were crown'd.

6 But I am treated like a worm, like none of human birth;
Not only by the great reviled, but made the rabble's mirth.
7 With laughter all the gazing crowd my agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head, and thus deriding say;
8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft that he was Heav'n's delight;
"Let God come down to save him now, and own his favourite."

The Second Part.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb a living offspring bear;
When but a suckling at the breast, I was thy early care.
10 Thou, Guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs my helpless infant days;
And since has been my God and guide, through life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not then so far from me, when trouble is so nigh;
O send me help! thy help, on which I only can rely.
12 High pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd, from Bashan's forest met;
With strength proportion'd to their rage, have me around beset.

13 They gape on me, and every mouth
The ſtarv'd lion's ſavage roar

a yawning grave appears;
leſs dreadful is their's.

The Third Part.

14 My blood like water ſpill'd, my joints
My heart diſſolves within my breaſt,
15 My ſtrength like potter's earth is parch'd,
And to the ſilent ſhades of death

are rack'd and out of frame;
like wax before the flame;
my fainting ſoul withdraws.

16 Like blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they
They pierce my inoffenſive hands,
17 My body's rack'd till all my bones
Yet ſuch a ſpectacle of woe

in pack'd aſſemblies meet;
they pierc'd my harmleſs feet.
diſtinctly may be told:
as paſtime they beheld.

18 As ſpoil my garments they divide,
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my ſtrength,
20 From their ſharp ſwords protect thou me
Nor let thy darling in the pow'r

lots for my veſture caſt:
and to my ſuccour haſte.
of all but life bereft;
of cruel dogs be left.

21 To ſave me from the Lion's jaws
As once from goring unicorns,
22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
In preſence of aſſembled ſaints

thy preſence in vain I ſend;
thou didſt my life defend.
the triumphs of thy name,
thy glory thus proclaim.

23 "Ye worſhippers of Jacob's God,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low diſtreſs
"Nor turn'd from poverty his face,

all you of Iſr'el's line,
ſincere obedience join.
to caſt a gracious eye;
but hears it's humble cry."

The Fourth Part.

25 Thus in thy ſacred courts will I
In preſence of thy ſaints; perform
26 The meek companions of my grief
And all that ſeek the Lord ſhall be

my cheerful thanks expreſs,
the vows of my diſtreſs.
ſhall find my table ſpread,
with joys immortal fed.

27 Then ſhall the glad converted world
And ſcatter'd nations of the earth
28 'Tis his ſupreme prerogative
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world,

to God their homage pay;
one ſov'reign Lord obey.
o'er ſubject kings to reign;
who does the world ſuſtain.

29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
The ſons of want, by him reliev'd,
With humble worſhip to his throne
That pow'r, which firſt their beings gave,

his bounty muſt confeſs;
their gen'rous patron bleſs.
they all for aid reſort;
can only them ſupport.

30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs race,
To their admiring heirs his truth

devoted to his name,
and glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
The ſhepherd, by whoſe conſtant care
2 In tender graſs he makes me feed,
Then leads me to cool ſhades, and where

vouchſafes to be my guide;
my wants are all ſupply'd.
and gently there repoſe;
refreſhing water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring ſoul reclaim,
Inſtruct with humble zeal to walk
4 I paſs the gloomy vale of death
For thee his aiding rod and ſtaff

and, to his endleſs praiſe,
in his moſt righteous ways.
from fear and danger free;
defend and comfort me.

5 In preſence of my ſpiteful foes
He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
O ſince God does thus his wond'rous love
That life to him I will devote,

he does my table ſpread,
with oil anoints my head.
through all my life extend,
and in his temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

THE ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
The world, and they that dwell therein,
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the ſeas,
Upon inconſtant floods has made

the Lord's her fulneſs is;
by ſov'reign right are his.
and his Almighty hand
the ſtable fabrick ſtand.

3 But for himſelf this Lord of all
O! who ſhall to that ſacred hill
4 The man whoſe hands and heart are pure,
Who hourly poverty prefers

one choſen ſeat deſign'd:
deſerv'd admittance find?
whoſe thoughts from pride are free;
to gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Whom God his ſaviour ſhall vouchſafe
6 Such is the race of ſaints, by whom
And ſuch the proſelytes that ſeek

ſhall ſhow'r his mighty gifts down,
with righteouſneſs to crown.
the ſacred courts are trod;
the face of Jacob's God.

7 Exalt

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates,
The King of glory; see, he comes
8 Who is the King of glory? who?
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
9 Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold!
The King of glory; see, he comes
10 Who is the King of glory? who?
Of glory he alone is king,

unfold, to entertain
with his celestial train.
the Lord for strength renown'd,
eternal victor crown'd.
unfold to entertain
with all his shining train.
the Lord of hosts renown'd:
who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

TO God, in whom I trust,
2 O let me not be put to shame,
3 Those, who on thee rely,
Be that the shameful lot of such

4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
For thou art he that brings me help,
6 Thy mercies and thy love,
And graciously continue still,
7 Let all my youthful crimes
And, for thy wond'rous goodness sake,
8 His mercy and his truth
In bringing wand'ring sinners home

9 He those in justice guides,
And in his sacred paths shall lead
10 Thro' all the ways of God
To such as with religious hearts

I lift my heart and voice;
nor let my foes rejoice.
let no disgrace attend;
as wilfully offend.

and lead me in thy way;
on thee I wait all day.
O Lord, recall to mind;
as thou wert ever kind.
be blotted out by thee:
in mercy think on me
the righteous Lord display,
and teaching them his ways.

who his direction seek;
the humble and the meek.
both truth and mercy shine,
to his blest will incline.

The Second Part.

11 Since mercy is the grace
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
12 Whoe'er with humble fear
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide

13 His quiet soul with peace
And by his num'rous race the land
14 For God to all his saints
And does his gracious cov'nant write

15 To him I lift my eyes,
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare, which for my feet was laid.
16 O turn, and all my griefs
For I am compass'd round with woes,

17 The sorrows of my heart
O from this dark and dismal state
18 Do thou with tender eyes
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt

19 Consider, Lord, my foes,
What lawless force and rage they use,
20 Protect and set my soul
Nor let me be asham'd, who place

21 Let all my righteous acts
Because my firm and constant hope
22 To Isr'els chosen race
And in the midst of all their wan

that most exalts thy fame,
and so advance thy name.
to God his duty pays,
in all his righteous ways.

shall be for ever blest,
successively possest.
his sacred will imparts,
in their obedient hearts.

and wait his timely aid,

in mercy, Lord, redress;
and plung'd in deep distress.

to mighty sums increase:
my troubled soul release.
my sad afflictions see;
entirely set me free.

how vast their numbers grow!
what boundless hate they show!
from their fierce malice free;
my steadfast trust in thee.

to full perfection rise,
on thee alone relies.
con inue ever kind;
let them thy succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
I cannot fail, who all my trust
2, 3 search, prove my heart, whose innocence will shine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy grace in view,

4 I never for companions took
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
5 I hate the bitter plotting crew,
And from their wicked company,

6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
That when thy altar I approach,
7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
That form affords me much delight,

9 Snatch not my soul from sinners down,
10 Who wicked rights by secret bribes,

of righteousness have trod;
repose on thee, my God.

and made thy truth my guide.

the idle or profane;
could e'er my friendship gain.
who mule distempted times;
as I avoid their crimes.

and bring a heart so pure;
my welcome shall declare.
how thy renown excells;
in which thy honour dwells.

who murder make their trade;
or open force invade.

11 But

11 But I will walk in paths of truth, and innocence purſue:
Protect, me therefore, and to me thy mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In ſpite of all aſſaulting foes I ſtill maintain my ground;
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy ſaints, thy praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me Is ſaving health and light?
Since ſtrongly he my life ſupports, what can my ſoul affright?
2 With fierce intent my fleſh to tear, when foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty creſts were made to ſtrike the ground.
3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares with numerous hoſts to cope:
Through him in double ſtraits of war, for good ſucceſs I hope.
4 Henceforth within his houſe to dwell I earneſtly deſire,
His wond'rous beauty there to view, and his bleſt will enquire.
5 For there my I with comfort reſt, in times of deep diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a rock abide, in that ſecure receſs;
6 Whilſt God o'er all my haughty foes my lofty head ſhall raiſe,
And I my joyful off'ring bring, and ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

The Second Part.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice, whene'er to thee I cry:
In mercy all my pray'rs receive, nor my requeſt deny.
8 When us to ſeek thy glorious face thou kindly doſt adviſe;
"Thy glorious face I'll always ſeek," my grateful heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord, nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10 Tho' all my friends and neareſt kin their helpleſs charge forſake,
Yet thou, whoſe love excel's them all will care and pity take.
11 Inſtruct me in thy paths, O Lord, my ways directly guide;
Leſt envious men, who watch my ſteps, ſhould foe me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel foes, defeat their ill deſire,
Whoſe lying lips and bloody hands againſt my peace conſpire.
13 I truſted, that my future life ſhould with thy love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting ſoul had ſunk, with ſorrow compaſs'd round.
14 God's time with patient faith expect, and he'll inſpire thy breaſt
With inward ſtrength; do thou thy part, and leave to him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

O Lord, my rock, to thee I cry, in ſighs conſume my breath;
O anſwer, or I ſhall become like thoſe that ſleep in death.
2 Regard my ſupplication, Lord, the cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes and lifted hands before thy mercy ſeat.
3 Let me eſcape the ſinners doom, who make a trade of ill,
And ever ſpeak the perſon fair, whoſe blood they mean to ſpill.
4 According to their crimes extent, let juſtice have its courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they have ſtun'd without remorſe.
5 Since they the works of God deſpiſe, nor will his grace adore,
His wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy, and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due acknowledgement, his praiſes ſtill reſound,
From whom the cries of my diſtreſs a gracious anſwer found.
7 My heart its confidence repoſ'd in God, my ſtrength and ſhield;
In him I truſted, and return'd triumphant from the field.
As he has made my joys complete, 'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful tribute of my thanks, and thus reſound his praiſe.
8 "His aiding pow'r ſupports the troops that my juſt cauſe maintain:
'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne, 'Tis he ſecures my reign.
9 Preſerve thy choſen and prieſted thine heritage to bleſs;
With plenty proſper them in peace; in battle with ſucceſs.

PSALM XXIX.

YE princes, that in might excel, your grateful ſacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Name loudly tell, his wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great name from altars riſe, devoutly due reſpect afford;
Him in his holy temple praiſe, where he's with ſolemn ſtate ador'd.
3 'Tis he, that with amazing noiſe the watry clouds in ſunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice, when he from heav'n in thunder ſpeaks.

4, 5 How full of pow'r his voice appears? with what majestic terror crown'd?
Which from the roots tall cedars tears, and strews their scatter'd branches round.

6 They, and the hills on which they grow, are sometimes hurried far away:
And leap, like hinds that bounding go, or unicorns in youthful play. [tends
7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks, and scatter'd flames of light'ning
The forest nods, the desart quakes, and stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

9 He makes the hinds to cast their young, and lays the beasts dark coverts bare;
While those, that to his courts belong, securely sing his praises there.
10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high; his boundless sway shall never cease;
His people he'll with strength supply, and bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXX.

I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord, who did'st thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check my foes insulting joy.
2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee, who kindly did'st relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws my hopeless life retrieve.

4 Thus to his courts ye saints of his with songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth, and providential care.
5 His wrath has but a moment's reign, his favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd with joys returning day.

6 But I in prosp'rous days presum'd; no sudden change I fear'd,
Whilst in my sun-shine of success no low'ring cloud appear'd.
7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord, my empire's only trust;
For, when thou hid'st thy face, I saw my honour laid in dust.

8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd, my error I confess'd,
And thus, with supplicating voice, thy mercy's throne address'd.
9 "What profit is there in my blood, congeal'd by death's cold night?
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise, thy wond'rous truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear, thy wonted aid extend;
"Do thou send help, on which alone I can for help depend."
11 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful scene to songs and dances turn'd;
Invested me with robes of state, who late in sackcloth mourn'd,

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing thy praise in grateful verse;
And as thy favours endless are, thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame, for still I trust in thee;
As just and righteous is thy name. from danger set me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious ear, and speedy succour send;
Do thou my stedfast rock appear, to shelter and defend.

3 since thou, when foes oppress, my rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress thy wonted help impart.
4 Release me from the snare, which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God, my strength, repair to thee alone for aid.

5 To thee, the God of truth, my life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth) I willingly resign.
6 All vain designs I hate, of those that trust in lies;
And still my soul in ev'ry state to God for succour flies.

The Second Part.

7 Those mercies thou hast shown I'll cheerfully express;
For thou hast seen my straits, and known my soul in deep distress.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous race did all my strength inclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space to shun my watchful foes.

9 Thy mercy, Lord, display, and hear my just complaint;
For both my soul and flesh decay, with grief and hunger faint.
10 Sad thoughts my life oppress, my years are spent in groans;
My sins have made my strength decrease, and ev'n consum'd my bones.

11 My foes my suff'rings mock'd, my neighbours did upbraid:
My friends at sight of me were shock'd, and fled as men dismay'd.
12 Forlook by all am I, as dead, and out of mind:
And like a shatter'd vessel lie, whose parts can ne'er be join'd.

13 Yet slanderous words they speak, and form my pow'r to dread,
Whilst they together counsel take, my guiltless blood to shed.
14 But still my stedfast trust I on thy help repose;
That thou, my God, art good and just, my soul with comfort knows.

PSALM XXXII, XXXIII.

The Third Part.

15 Whate'er events betide,
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
16 The brightness of thy face
And, as thy mercies still increase,

17 Me from dishonour save,
Let that, and silence in the grave,
18 Do thou their tongues restrain,
Who false reports, with proud disdain,

19 How great thy mercies are
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
From tongues, that do in strife delight,

21 With glory and renown
Whose love in Keilah's well-fenc'd town
22 I said in hasty flight,
Yet still thou keep'st me in thy sight.

23 O all ye saints, the Lord
Who to the just will help afford,
24 Ye that on God rely,
For he will still your hearts supply

thy wisdom times them all,
from those, that seek his fall.
to me O Lord, disclose;
preserve me from my foes.

who still have call'd on thee:
the sinner's portion be.
whose breath in lies is spent;
against the righteous vent.

to such, as fear thy name!
dost to the world proclaim.
from proud oppressors free:
they are preserv'd by thee.

God's name be ever bless'd;
was wond'rously express'd!
"I'm banish'd from thine eyes,"
and heard'st my earnest cries.

with eager love pursue,
and give the proud their due.
courageously proceed:
with strength in time of need.

PSALM XXXII.

HE's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd
2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
All day did I with anguish roar,

4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
But thy forgiveness in-crpos'd,

6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
And, from the common deluge freed,
7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,

8 In my instruction then confide,
Your progress I'll securely guide,
9 Submit yourself to wisdom's rules,
Not like the ungovern'd horse and mule,

10 Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd
But them, who in his truth confide,
11 His saints that have perform'd his laws,
Let them (as they alone have cause)

no more in judgment to appear;
and whose repentance is sincere.
my bones consum'd without relief:
but no complaint assuag'd my grief.

by day and night alike distress'd:
like land with summers drought oppress'd,
the guilt that tortur'd me within,
and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
my tow'r of refuge I must own;
and me with songs of triumph crown.

you that wou'd truth's safe paths descry;
and keep you in my watchful eye.
like men that reason have attain'd:
whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

the harden'd sinners shall confound,
blessings of mercy shall surround.
their life in triumphs shall employ;
in grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

LET all the just to God with joy
For well the righteous it becomes
2, 3 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes
And new made songs of loud applause

4, 5 For faithful is the word of God,
He justice loves, and all the earth
6 By his Almighty word at first
And all the beauteous hosts of light

7 The swelling floods, together roll'd,
And lays, as in a storehouse safe,
8, 9 Let earth and all that dwell therein
For when he spake the word, 'twas made,

10 He, when the heathens closely plot,
His wisdom ineffectual makes
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
The settled purpose of his heart

their cheerful voices raise,
to sing glad songs of praise.
in joyful consort meet,
the harmony complete.

his works with truth abound!;
is with his goodness crown'd.
Heav'ns glorious arch was rear'd,
at his command appear'd.

he makes in heaps to lie;
the watry treasures by.
before him trembling stand;
'twas fix'd at his command.

their counsels undermine;
the people's rash designs.
shall stand for ever sure;
to ages shall endure.

The Second Part.

12 How happy then are they, to whom
Whom he from all the world besides
13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts, by him their hearts were made.

the Lord for God is known!
has chosen for his own!
from Heav'n his throne forview'd;

16, 17 No king is safe by num'rous hosts, their strength the strong deceives;
So many'd horse, by force or speed, his warlike rider saves:
18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want in time of dearth supplies.

20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits, our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice, because we trust in thee.
22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord, do thou to us extend;
since we for all we want or wish on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life, in trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still my heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast, till all, that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take, and charm their griefs to rest.
3 O magnify the Lord with me, with me exalt his Name:
4 When in distress to him I call'd, he to my rescue came.
5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd, who look'd to him for aid;
Desir'd success in ev'ry face a cheerful air display'd.
6 "Behold (say they) behold the man whom providence reliev'd:
"So dangerously with woes beset, so wond'rously retriev'd."
7 The hosts of God encamp around the dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all, who on his succour trust.
8 O make but trial of his love, experience will decide
How blest'd they are, and only they, who in his truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight, he'll make your wants his care.
10 While hungry lions lack their prey, the Lord will food provide
For such, as put their trust in him, and see their wants supply'd.

The Second Part.

11 Approach, ye piously dispos'd, and my instruction hear,
I'll teach you the true discipline of his religious fear.
12 Let him, who length of life desires, and prosp'rous days would see,
13 From sland'ring language keep his tongue, his lips from falsehood free.
14 The crooked paths of vice decline, and virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun, and where 'tis lost renew.
15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the just with favourable eyes;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear is open to their cries:
16 But turns his wrathful look on those, whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth blot out their hated name.
17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives, when his relief they crave:
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart, and contrite spirit save.
19 The wicked oft, but still in vain, against the just conspire;
20 For under their affliction's weight he keeps their bones entire.
21 The wicked from their wicked arts their ruin shall derive.
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest, shall them and theirs survive.
22 For God preserves the souls of those, who on his truth depend,
To them and their posterity his blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXV.

AGAINST all those that strive with me, O Lord, assert my right;
With such as war unjustly wage do thou my battles fight.
2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield upon thy warlike arm;
Stand up, my God, in my defence, and keep me safe from harm.
3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course, that haste my blood to spill:
Say to my soul, "I am thy health, and will preserve thee still."
4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er, who my destruction sought:
And such, as did my harm devise, be to confusion brought.
5 Then shall they fly, dispers'd like chaff before the driving wind:
God's vengeful minister of wrath shall follow close behind.
6 And when through dark and slipp'ry ways they strive his rage to shun,
His vengeful ministers of wrath shall goad them as they run.
7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong, they hid their treach'rous snare;
And for my harmless soul a pit did without cause prepare.
8 Surpris'd by mischief unforeseen, by their own arts betray'd;
Their feet shall fall into the net, which they for me had laid.

9 Whilst

9 Whilſt my glad ſoul ſhall God's great name for this deliv'rance bleſs;
And, by his ſaving health ſecur'd, its grateful joy expreſs.
10 My very bones ſhall ſay, O Lord, who can compare with thee,
Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs man from ſtrong oppreſſors free?

The Second Part.

11 Falſe witneſſes with forg'd complaints againſt my truth combin'd;
And to my charge ſuch things they laid, as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12 The good, which I to them had done, with evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeſerv'd, my harmleſs life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick, I ſtill in ſackcloth mourn'd:
I pray'd and faſted, and my pray'r to my own breaſt return'd.
14 Had they my friends or brethren been, I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent ſigns of grief a mother's loſs deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove, in times of my diſtreſs?
When they, in crowds together met, did ſavage joy expreſs.
The rabble too, in num'rous throngs, by their example came;
And ceas'd not, with reviling words, to wound my ſpotleſs fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt, and earn their bread with lies,
Did graſh their teeth, and ſtand'rous jeſts maliciouſly deviſe.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on? on my behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs ſoul, which they, like rav'ning beaſts, would tear.

The Third Part.

18 So I, before the liſt'ning world, ſhall grateful thanks expreſs,
And, where the great aſſembly meets, thy name with praiſes bleſs.
19 Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs foes, who me unjuſtly hate,
With open joy, and ſecret ſigns, to mock my ſad eſtate.
20 For they, with hearts averſe from peace, induſtriouſly deviſe,
Againſt the men of quiet minds to forge malicious lies.
21 Nor with the e private arts content, aloud they vent their ſpite;
And ſay, "At laſt we found him out, he did it in our ſight."
22 But thou, who doſt both them and me, with righteous eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my innocence, O Lord, and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thyſelf in my behalf, to judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous ſervant's cauſe, O God, to thy deciſion take.
24 Lord, as my heart has upright been, let me thy juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain the triumph they deſign'd.
25 O let them not amongſt themſelves in boaſting language ſay,
"At length our wiſhes are complete, at laſt he's made our prey."
26 Let, ſuch as in my harm rejoic'd, for ſhame their faces hide;
And foul diſhonour wait on thoſe, that proudly me defy'd:
27 Whilſt they with cheerful voice ſhout, who my juſt cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make ſucceſs his ſaints attend.
28 So ſhall my tongue thy judgments ſing, inſpir'd with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns in praiſe of thee ſhall all my days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art, his wicked purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But reaſon whiſpers to my heart, no fear of God's before his eyes.
2 He ſooths himſelf, retired from ſight, ſecure he thinks his treach'rous game;
Till his dark plots, expoſ'd to light, their baſe contriver brand with ſhame:
3 In deeds he is my foe confeſs'd, whilſt with his tongue he ſpeaks me fair;
True wiſdom's banniſh'd from his breaſt, and vice has ſole dominion there.
4 His wakeful malice ſpends the night in forging his account deſigns;
His obſtinate ungen'rous ſpite no execrable means declines.
5 But Lord, thy mercy, my ſure hope, the higheſt orb of Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy ſacred truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope beyond the ſpreading ſkies extends.
6 Thy juſtice, like the hills, remains, unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world ſuſtains, the whole creation is thy care.
7 Since of thy goodneſs all partake, with what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſhadowing wings their refuge make, and ſaints in thy protection truſt!
8 Such gueſts ſhall at thy courts be fed, to banquet on thy love's repaſt,
And drink, as from a fountain's head, of joys that ſhall for ever laſt.
9 With thee the ſprings of life remain, thy preſence is eternal day;
10 O let thy ſaints thy favour gain, to upright hearts thy truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt pride's inſulting foot would ſpurn, and wicked hands my life ſurpriſe;
12 Their miſchiefs on themſelves return'd down, down they fall 'mid more torme

PSALM

PSALM XXXVII.

PSALM XXXVII.

THO' wicked men grow rich or great, yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise:
2 For they, cut down like tender grass, or like young flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey, so thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief delight, and he thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord, and he will needful help afford,
To perfect ev'ry just design;
6 He'll make, like light serene and clear, thy cloudy innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.
7 With quiet mind on God depend, and patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise, [crown'd,
Tho' wicked men with wealth abound, and with success their plots are
Which they maliciously devise.
8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake, let no ungovern'd passion make
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime;
9 For God shall sinful men destroy, whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust on him and wait his time.
10 How soon shall wicked men decay! their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found:
11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth, rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

The Second Part.

12 While sinful crouds, with false design, against the righteous few combine,
And gnash their teeth, and threat'ning stand;
13 God shall their empty plots deride, and laugh at their defeated pride;
He sees their ruin near at hand.
14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow, the poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay; [stroke;
15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke, their sharpen'd weapons mortal
Thro' their own hearts shall force its way.
16 A little with God's favour bless'd, that's by one righteous man possess'd,
The wealth of many bad excels.
17 For God supports the just man's cause, but as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.
18 His constant care the upright guides, and over all their life presides;
Their portion shall for ever last; [dearth
19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth, shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in
The happy fruits of plenty taste.
20 Not so the wicked man, and those who proudly dare God's will oppose;
Destruction is their hapless share:
Like fat of lambs, their hopes and they shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

The Third Part.

21 While sinners brought to sad decay, still borrow on, and never pay,
The just have will and pow'r to give;
22 For such, as God vouchsafes to bless, shall peaceably the earth possess,
And those he curses shall not live.
23 The good man's way is God's delight, he orders all the steps aright
Of him, that moves by his command;
24 Tho' he sometimes may be distress'd, yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
For God upholds him with his hand.
25 From my first youth, till age prevail'd, I never saw the righteous fail'd,
Or want o'ertake his num'rous race;
26 Because compassion fill'd his heart, and he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase.
27 With caution shun each wicked deed, in virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days:
28 For God, who judgment loves, does still preserve his saints secure from ill,
While from the wicked race decays.
29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land, his portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supply'd
His tongue by rules of judgment moves, his heart the law of God approves,
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

The

PSALM XXXVIII, XXXIX.

The Fourth Part.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies, in vain the righteous to surprise;
In vain his ruin doth decree:
33 God will not him defenceless leave, to his revenge expos'd, but save;
And, when he's sentenc'd, set him free.
34 Wait still on God, keep his command, and thou, exalted, in the land,
Thy bless'd possessions never shall quit.
The wicked soon destroyed shall be, and, at his dismal tragedy,
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.
35 The wicked I in power have seen, and like a bay tree fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
36 But he was gone as quick as thought, and, though in ev'ry place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.
37 Observe the perfect man with care, and mark all such as upright are:
Their roughest days in peace shall end.
38 While on the latter end of those, who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.
39 God to the just will aid afford, their only safeguard is the Lord
Their strength in time of need is he:
40 Because on him they still depend, the Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

THY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain, tho' I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm of thy displeasure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched part of me thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight I can no more sustain.
3 My flesh is one continued wound, thy wrath so fiercely glows;
Betwixt my punishment and guilt, my bones have no repose.
4 My sins, which to a deluge swell, my sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear too vast a burden grow.
5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds, my folly's just return;
6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd, and all day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins, infecting ev'ry part:
8 With sickness worn I groan and roar, thro' anguish of my heart.

The Second Part.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes all my desires appear;
And sure my groans have been too loud, not to have reach'd thine ear.
10 My heart's oppress, my strength decay'd, my eyes depriv'd of light:
11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen, gaze aloof on such a dismal sight.
12 Meanwhile the foes, that seek my life, their snares to take me set:
Vent slanders, and contrive all day to forge some new deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb, nor heard, nor once reply'd:
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue with conscious guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal, my innocence to clear;
Assur'd that thou, the righteous God, my injur'd cause wilt hear.
16 "Hear me said I, lest my proud foes a spiteful joy display,
"Insulting if they see my foot but once to go astray."
17 And, with continual grief oppress, to sink I now begin:
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess, to thee bewail my sin.
19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes their strength and vigour boast;
And they who hate me without cause are grown a dreadful host.
20 Ev'n they, whom I oblig'd, return my kindness with despite;
And are my enemies, because I chuse the path that's right.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God, nor far from me depart;
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou, who my salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways, I kept my tongue in awe;
I curb'd my hasty words when I the prosp'rous wicked saw.
2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood, and did my tongue refrain
From good discourse; but that restraint increas'd my inward pain.
3 My heart did glow, which working thoughts, did hot and restless make;
And warm reflections fann'd the fire, till thus at length I spake:
4 Lord, let me know my term of days, how soon my life will end;
The num'rous train of ills disclose, which this frail state attend.
5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span, a cypher sums my years;
And ev'ry man in best estate, but vanity appears.

6 Man

6 Man like a shadow vainly walks,
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
7 Why then shou'd I on worthless toys
On thee alone my stedfast hope

8, 9 Forgive my sins, nor let me scorn'd
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not
10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
Left my frail flesh too weak to bear

11 For when thou chast'nest man for sin,
(So vain a thing is he) like cloth
12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,

13 O spare me yet a little time,
Before I vanish quite from hence,

with fruitless cares oppress'd;
by whom 'twill be possess'd.
with anxious care attend?
shall ever, Lord, depend.

by foolish sinners be;
because 'twas done by thee.
in mercy soon remove;
the heavy load should prove.

thou mak'st his beauty fade,
by fretting moths decay'd.
and listen to my pray'r;
as all my fathers were.

my wasted strength restore;
and shall be seen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 Waited meekly for the Lord,
Who did his gracious ear afford, and
2 He took me from the dismal pit,
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,

3 The wonders he for me has wrought
And others, to his worship brought,
4 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who treats the proud with disregard,

'till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
heard from Heav'n my humble cry.
when foundered deep in miry clay;
and suffered not my steps to stray.

shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
to hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
and hates the hypocrite's disguise.

5 Who can the wond'rous works recount, which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount the pow'r of numbers, speech and thought.
6 Pye learnt, that thou hast not desir'd off'rings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd for man's transgression to atone.

7 I therefore come--come to fulfil the oracles thy books impart:
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will; thy law is written in my heart.

The Second Part.

9 In full assemblies I have told thy truth and righteousness at large: [charge.
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips with-hold from utt'ring what thou gav'st in
10 Nor kept, within my breast confin'd, thy faithfulness and saving grace;
But preach'd thy love for all design'd, that all might that and truth embrace.

11 Then let those mercies I declar'd to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving kindness my reward, thy truth my safe protection be.
12 For I with troubles am distress'd, too vast and numberless to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd, that plunge and sink me to despair

13 As soon, alas! may I recount the hairs on this afflicted head:
My vanquish'd courage they surmount, and fill my drooping soul with dread.

The Third Part.

14 But, Lord, to my relief draw near, for never was more pressing need!
In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliv'rance speed.
15 Confusion on their heads return, who to destroy my soul combine:
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn, entrap'd in their own vile design.
16 Their doom be desolation be, with shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and spoke of my affliction made.
17 While those, who humbly seek thy face to joyful triumphs shall be rais'd:
And all who prize thy saving grace, with me rejound, The Lord be prais'd.
18 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor, of me th' Almighty Lord takes care,
Thou, God, who only canst restore, to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the man, whose tender care relieves the poor distress'd:
When he's by trouble compass'd round the Lord shall give him rest.
2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd, in safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those, that seek to do him wrong.
3 If he in languishing estate oppress with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed, and inward strength supply.
4 Secure of this, to thee, my God I thus my pray'r address'd:
"Lord, for thy mercy heal my soul, tho' I have much transgress'd."
5 My cruel foes, with sland'rous words, attempt to wound my fame;
"When shall he die (say they) and men forget his very name?"
6 Suppose they formal visits make, it's all but empty show;
They gather mischief in their hearts, and vent it where they go.

7, 8 With

7, 8 With private whispers, such as these, to hurt me they devise;
"A sore disease afflicts him now, he's fall'n no more to rise."
9 My own familiar bosom friend, on whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose daily guest he was, with open scorn defy'd.
10 But thou my sad and wretched state, in mercy, Lord, regard;
And raise me up, that all their crimes may meet their just reward,
11 By this I know thy gracious ear is open when I call;
Because thou suffer'st not my foes to triumph in my fall.
12 Thy tender care secures my life from danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still before thy glorious face.
13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God from age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause with loud amens express'd.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams, when heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, and thy refreshing grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God, my thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face, thou majesty divine!
3 Tears are my constant food, while thus insulting foes upbraid,
"Deluded wretch, where's now thy God? and where his promis'd aid?"
4 I sigh when o'er my musing thoughts those happy days present,
When I with troops of pious friends thy temple did frequent.
When I advanc'd with songs of praise my solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng, that kept the festal-day.
5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul, trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs to thankful hymns of joy.
6 My soul's cast down, O God, but thinks on thee and Sion still;
From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights, and Misar's humbler hill.
7 One trouble calls another on, and, bursting o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul a roaring sea is spread.
8 But when thy presence, Lord of life, has once dispell'd this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing, and all my vows perform.
9 God of my strength, how long shall I, like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd to my oppressor's scorn.
10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword, whilst thus my foes upbraid,
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God? and where his promis'd aid?"
11 Why restless, why cast down, my soul? hope still and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God, thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII.

JUST judge of Heav'n, against my foes do thou assert my injur'd right:
O set me free, my God, from those that in deceit and wrong delight.
2 Since thou art still my only stay, why leav'st thou me in deep distress
Why go I mourning all the day. whilst me insulting foes oppress?
3 Let me with light and truth be bless'd, be these my guides and lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest, and in thy sacred temple pray.
4 Then will I there fresh altars raise to God who is my only joy;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise, shall all my grateful hours employ.
5 Why then cast down, my soul, and why so much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely, who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM XLIV.

O Lord, our fathers oft have told in our attentive ears,
Thy wonders in their days perform'd, and elder times than theirs:
2 How thou, to plant them here, did'st drive the heathen from this land;
Dispeopled by repeated strokes of thy avenging hand.
3 For, not their courage, nor their sword to them possession gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force their fainting troops could save:
But thy right hand and pow'rful arm, whose succour they implor'd;
Thy presence with the chosen race, who thy great name ador'd.
4 As thee their God our fathers own'd, thou art our sov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didst to them, to us deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious name our arms the proudest foes shall quell,
And crush them with repeated strokes, as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword, when I in fight engage;
7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd, and sham'd their spiteful rage.
8 To thee the triumph we ascribe, from whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day, and ever bless his name.

The Second Part.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead our armies to the field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart foe we turn our backs in fight;
And with our ſpoil their malice feaſt, who bear us ancient ſpite.
11 To ſlaughter doom'd, we fall, like ſheep into their butch'ring hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive diſpers'd thro' heathen lands.
12 Thy people thou haſt ſold for ſlaves, and ſet their price ſo low,
That not thy treaſure by the ſale, but their diſgrace might grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round, the heathens bye-word grown,
Whoſe ſcorn of us is both in ſpeech and mocking geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my face in conſcious ſhame I hide,
16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd, by their licentious pride.

The Third Part.

17 On us this heap of woes is faln, all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name, or faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy righteous paths have kept our hearts and ſteps with care;
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our ſtrength, and we almoſt deſpair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great name, on other Gods rely,
21 And not the ſearcher of all hearts the treach'rous crime deſcry?
22 Thou ſeeſt what ſuff'rings for thy ſake we ev'ry day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like ſheep appointed to be ſlain.
23 Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming ſleep no longer thee detain;
Nor letus, Lord, who ſue to thee, for ever ſue in vain.
24 O wherefore hideſt thou thy face, from our afflicted ſtate?
25 Whoſe ſouls and bodies ſink to earth, with grief's oppreſſive weight.
26 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely haſte to our deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord,—if not for ours, yet for thy mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV.

WHILE I the king's loud praiſe rehearſe, indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him that writes with ready art.
2 How matchleſs is thy form, O king! thy mouth with grace o'erflows;
Becauſe freſh bleſſings God on thee eternally beſtows.
3 Gird on thy ſword, moſt mighty prince, and, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of pow'r majeſtic pomp diſplay.
4 Ride on in ſtate, and ſtill protect the meek, the juſt, and true;
Whilſt thy right hand with ſwift revenge does all thy foes purſue.
5 How ſharp thy weapons are to them, that dare thy pow'r oppoſe!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart the feather'd arrow goes.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd for ever to endure;
Thy ſcepter's ſway ſhall always laſt, by righteous laws ſecure.
7 Becauſe thy heart, by juſtice led, did upright ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked paths where wand'ring ſinners rove.
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee the oil of gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy fellows round advanc'd thy lofty head.
8 With caſſia, aloes, and myrrh, thy royal robes abound;
Which from the ſtately wardrobe brought ſpread grateful odours round.
9 Among the honourable train did princely virgins wait:
The queen was plac'd at thy right hand, in golden robes of ſtate.

The Second Part.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear, and to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now, and ev'ry former friend.
11 So ſhall thy beauty charm the king, nor ſhall his love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord, to him due rev'rence pay.
12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud, ſhall humble preſents make;
And all the wealthy nations ſue thy favour to partake.
13 The king's fair daughter's beauteous ſoul all inward graces fill;
Her raiment is of pureſt gold, adorn'd with coſtly ſkill.
14 She, in her nuptial garments dreſs'd, with needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin-train, ſhall to the king be brought.
15 With all the ſtate of ſolemn joy the triumph moves along,
Till with wide gates the royal court receives the pompous throng.

16 Thou,

16 Thou, in thy royal father's room, must princely sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send to govern and protect.
17 Whilst this my song to future times transmits thy glorious name;
And makes the world, with one consent, thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our refuge in distress, a present help when dangers press;
To him undaunted we'll confide;
2,3 Tho' earth were from her centre torn'd, and mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide,
4 A gentler stream with gladness fill the city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high: [pow'rs,
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs shall mock th' assaults of earthly
While his Almighty aid is nigh.
6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd, and kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and disperst their pow'rs:
7 The Lord of hosts conduct our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers guardian God and ours,
8 Come see the wonders he hath wrought, on earth what desolation brought;
How he has calm'd the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike spear and bow; with them the thund'ring chariots too
Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty sway, for him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sov'reign Lord confess.
11 The God of hosts conduct our arms, our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O all ye people, clap your hands, and with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands of God the universal king.
3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell, and with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell, the pride of Jacob, his delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and king, with shouts of joy and trumpets sound;
To him repeated praises sing, and let the cheerful song go round.
7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shewn, for him who all the world commands
Who sits upon his righteous throne, and spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
9 Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence, t'adore the God of Abr'am came,
Found him their constant sure defence. how great and glorious is his name!

PSALM XLVIII.

THE Lord, the only God, is great, and greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whose happy mount his sacred throne is rais'd.
2 Her tow'rs, the joy of all the earth, with beauteous prospect rise:
On her north side the Almighty king's imperial city lies.
3 God in her palaces is known, his presence is her guard:
4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their fierce, and of success despair'd.
5 They view'd their walls, admir'd and fled, with grief and terror struck;
6 Like women, whom the sudden pangs, of travel had o'ertook.
7 No wretched crew of Mariners appear like them forlorn.
When fleets from Tarshish wealthy coasts by eastern winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have seen perform'd a work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come, his city will uphold.
9 Not in our fortresses and walls, did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fix'd our hopes, in which thou do'st reside.
10 According to thy sov'reign name, thy praise thro' earth extends;
Thy pow'rful arm, as justice guides, chastises or defends.
11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound, her daughters all be taught,
In songs his judgement to extol, who this deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp, your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there you find one stone displac'd.
13 Her forts and palaces survey, observe their order well;
That with assurance, to your heirs, this wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours, whilst we on him confide;
Who, as he has preserv'd us now, till death will be our guide.

PSAL.

PSALM XLIX.

1,2 LET all the list'ning world attend and my instructions hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor, with joint consent give ear.
3 My mouth with sacred wisdom fill'd, shall good advice impart,
The sound result of prudent thoughts, digested in my heart.
4 To parables of weight; sense I will my ear incline;
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing dark words of deep design.
5 Why should my courage fail in times of danger and of doubt?
When sinners, that would me supplant, have compass'd me about?
6 Those men that all their hope and trust in heaps of treasure place,
And boast and triumph, when they see their ill-got wealth increase,
7 Are yet unable from the grave their dearest friend to free;
Nor can by force of costly bribes reverse God's firm decree.
8,9 Their vain endeavours they must quit, the price is held too high;
No sum can purchase such a grant, that man should never die.
10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt, nor fools their folly save;
But both must perish, and in death their wealth to others leave.
11 For tho' they think their stately seat shall ne'er to ruin fall;
But their remembrance last, in lands which by their names they call:
12 Yet shall their name be soon forgot, how great soe'er their state;
With beasts their memory and they shall share one common fate.

The Second Part.

13 How great their folly is, who thus absurd conclusions make?
And yet their children, unreclaim'd, repeat the gross mistake.
14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led, the prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the just rejoice, within the grave shall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my soul, and from the greedy grave
His greater pow'r shall set me free, and to himself receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men in envy'd wealth abound,
Nor tho' their prosp'rous house increase, with state and honour crown'd.
17 For when they're summon'd hence by death, they leave all this behind;
No shadow of their former pomp within the grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their state was bless'd, caught in the flatt'rer's snare,
Who with their vanity comply'd, and prais'd their selfish care.
19 In their forefather's steps they tread; and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors and they in endless darkness lie.
20 For man, how great so'er his state, unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives, so like a beast, he dies.

PSALM L.

1,2 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light, till day declines;
The list'ning earth his voice hath heard, and he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where beauty in perfection shines.
3,4 Our God shall come and keep no more misconstru'd silence, as before;
But wasting flames before him send;
Around shall tempests fiercely rage, while he does Heav'n and Earth engage
His just Tribunal to attend.
5,6 Assemble all my saints to me, (thus runs the great divine decree)
That in my lasting cov'nant live;
And off'rings bring with constant care; (the Heav'n his justice shall declare,
For God himself shall sentence give)
7 Attend, my people: Israel, hear; thy strong accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God am I;
8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain, which daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.
9 Will this alone atonement make? no bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept;
10 The forest beasts that range alone, the cattle too are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.
11 I know the fowls, that build their nest in craggy rocks; and savage beasts,
That loosely haunt the open fields:
12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be, I need not seek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need on ſlaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,
To eat their fleſh, and drink their blood?
14 The ſacrifices I require, are hearts which love and zeal inſpire,
And vows with ſtricteſt care made good.
15 In time of trouble call on me, and I will let thee ſafe and free;
And thou returns of praiſe ſhalt make.
16 But to the wicked thus ſaith God, how dar'ſt thou teach my laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take?
17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in ſin, haſt proof againſt inſtruction been,
And of my word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18 When thou a ſubtile thief didſt ſee, thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with adult'rers didſt partake.
19 Vile ſlander is thy chief delight, thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and ſpite,
Deceitful tales doth hourly ſpread;
20 Thou doſt with hateful ſcandals wound thy brother, and with lies confound
The offspring of thy mother's bed:
21 Theſe things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove to gain with ſilence and with love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou; but I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy ſins before thine eyes.
22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, leſt I let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your cauſe to own.
23 Who praiſes me, due honour gives; and to the man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong ſalvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me, as thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppreſt with loads of guilt, thy wonted mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul offence, and cleanſe me from my ſin;
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee how great my guilt has been.
4 Againſt thee, Lord, alone, and only in thy ſight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd, muſt own thy judgments right.
5 In guilt each part was form'd of all this ſinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born the heir of ſin and ſhame.
6 Yet thou, whoſe ſearching eye doth inward truth require,
In ſecret didſt with wiſdom's laws my tender ſoul inſpire.
7 With hyſſop purge me, Lord, and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with ſnow in whiteneſs vie, when purify'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with joy thy kind forgiving voice;
That ſo the bones which thou haſt broke, may with freſh ſtrength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying ſins, nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean, an upright mind renew.

The Second Part.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help, nor caſt me from thy ſight;
Nor let thy holy ſpirit take its everlaſting flight.
12 The joy thy favours give let me again obtain;
And thy free ſpirit's firm ſupport my fainting ſoul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous ways to ſinners will impart,
Whilſt my advice ſhall wicked men to thy juſt laws convert.
14 My guilt of blood remove, my Saviour and my God;
And my glad tongue ſhall loudly tell thy righteous acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my lips, with ſorrow clos'd and ſhame:
So ſhall my mouth thy wond'rous praiſe to all the world proclaim.
16 Could ſacrifice atone, whole flocks and herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch off'rings thou diſdain'ſt to caſt a gracious eye.
17 A broken ſpirit is by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite heart ſhall never be deſpis'd.
18 Let Sion favour find, of thy good-will aſſur'd;
And thy own city flouriſh long, by lofty walls ſecur'd.
19 The juſt ſhall then attend and pleaſing tribute pay:
And ſacrifice of choiceſt kind upon thy altar lay.

PSALM LII.

IN vain, O man of lawleſs might, thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in ill:
Since God, the God in whom I truſt, vouchſafes his favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked tongue doth ſland'rous tales maliciouſly deviſe:
And, ſharper than a razor ſee, it wounds with treach'rous lies.

3, 4 Thy

3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good, on lies than truth employ'd;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which the guiltless are destroy'd.
5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes, and snatch thee soon away:
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit, nor in the world, to stay.
6 The just, with pious fear, shall see the downfall of thy pride;
And at thy sudden ruin laugh, and thus thy fall deride:
7 "See there the man that haughty was, who proudly God defy'd,
"Who trusted in his wealth, and still on wicked arts rely'd."
8 But I am like those olive-plants, that shade God's temple round;
And hope with his indulgent grace to be for ever crown'd.
9 So shall my soul, with praise, O God, exalt thy wond'rous love;
And on thy name with patience wait; for this thy saints approve.

PSALM. LIII.

THE wicked fools must sure suppose, that God is but a name:
This gross mistake their practice shows, since virtue all disclaim.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high tow'rs the sons of men to view:
To see if any own'd his pow'r, or truth or justice knew.
3 But all, he saw, were backwards gone, degen'rate grown, and base;
None for religion car'd, not one of all the sinful race.
4 But are those workers of deceit so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat, and God's just pow'r disown?
5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow; and they, despis'd of God,
Shall soon be foil'd; his hand shall throw their shatter'd bones abroad.
6 Would he his saving pow'r employ to break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy should echo thro' the land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LORD, save me, for thy glorious name, and in thy strength appear,
To judge my cause; accept my pray'r, and to my words give ear.
3 Mere strangers, whom I never wrong'd, to ruin me design'd;
And cruel men, that fear no God, against my soul combin'd.
4, 5, But God takes part with all my friends, and he's the surest guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes their falsehood's just reward:
6 While I my grateful off'rings bring and sacrifice with joy:
And in his praise my time to come delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful danger and distress the Lord hath set me free;
Thro' him shall I of all my foes the just destruction see.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear, thou judge of all the earth, and listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn thy glorious face away.
2 Attend to this my sad complaint, and hear my grievous moans;
Whilst I my mournful case declare with artless sighs and groans.
3 Hark! how the foe insults aloud, how fierce oppressors rage!
Whose sland'rous tongues with wrathful hate against my fame engage.
4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul with deadly frights distrest:
With fear and trembling compass'd round, with horror quite oppress.
6 How often wish'd I then, that I the dove's swift wings could get;
That I might take my speedy flight, and seek a safe retreat!
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence, and in wild deserts stray.
Till all this furious storm were spent, this tempest past away.

The Second Part.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs, their counsels soon divide:
For, through the city my griev'd eyes have strife and rapine spy'd.
10 By day and night on ev'ry wall they walk'd their constant round;
And in the midst of all her strength are grief and mischief found.
11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam, will fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant posts maintain in ev'ry street.
12 For 'twas not any open foe that false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne the bitter things he said:
'Twas none, who hatred had profest, that did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself from his malicious eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide and friend, whom tend'rest love did join;
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most, whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.

5 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes, such traitors muſt ſurpriſe:
And sudden death requite thoſe ills, they wickedly deviſe!
6, 7 But I will call on God, who ſtill ſhall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night I'll pray; and he my voice ſhall hear.

The Third Part.

8 God has releas'd my ſoul from thoſe, that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous hoſt of friends my righteous cauſe defend.
9 For he, who was my help of old, ſhall now his ſuppliant hear;
And puniſh them, whoſe proſp'rous ſtate makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs men perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful friend, and break the ſtrongeſt ties?
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their words, their hearts with war abound:
Their ſpeeches are more ſmooth than oil, and yet like ſwords they wound.
22 Do thou, my ſoul, on God depend, and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the juſt, whom to ſupplant the wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood, ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for health and length of days on thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

DO thou, O God, in mercy help, for man my life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated wrongs he daily ſtrife renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful foes to ruin me combine:
Thou ſee'ſt, who ſit'ſt enthron'd on high, what mighty numbers join.
3 But tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by fear, (on dangers firſt I arm)
Yet ſtill for ſuccour I depend on thy Almighty arm.
4 God's faithful promiſe I ſhall praiſe, on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and truſting him, the arm of fleſh defy.
5 They wreſt my words, and make them ſpeak a ſenſe they never meant:
Their thoughts are all with reſtleſs ſpite, on my deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe aſſemblies they combine, and wicked projects lay:
They watch my ſteps, and lie in wait to make my ſoul their prey.
7 Shall ſuch injuſtice ſtill eſcape? O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt wrath (too long provok'd) this impious race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou number'ſt all my wand'ring ſteps, ſince firſt compell'd to flee:
My very tears are treaſur'd up, and regiſter'd by thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy aid, my foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well-aſſur'd, that God my righteous cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's word, and ſo deſpiſe the force that man can raiſe;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due, to thee I'll render praiſe:
13 Thou haſt retriev'd my ſoul from death, and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The life, thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd, and make my ſteps ſure:
14 That thus, protected by thy pow'r, I may this light enjoy,
And in the ſervice of my God my length'ned days employ.

PSALM LVII.

THY mercy, Lord, to me extend, on thy protection I depend,
And to thy wings for ſhelter haſte, 'till this outrageous ſtorm is paſt.
2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly, thou ſov'reign judge and God moſt high;
Who wonders haſt for me begun, and will not leave thy work undone.
3 From Heav'n protect me by thine arm and ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy ſend, and truth, on which my hopes depend.
4 For I with ſavage men converſe, like hungry lions wild and fierce, I'm one.
With men whoſe teeth are ſpears, their words invenom'd darts, and two-edg'd
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high; and, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd, 'till thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6 To take me they their net prepar'd, and had almoſt my ſoul enſnar'd,
But fell themſelves by juſt decree into the pit they made for me.
7 O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent its thankful tribute to preſent;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raiſe to thee my God, in ſongs of praiſe.
8 Awake my glory; harp and lute, no longer let your ſtrings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take, will with the early dawn awake.
9 Thy praiſes, Lord, I will reſound to all the liſt'ning nations round:
10 Thy mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends, thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
11 Be thou, O God, exalted high; and, as thy glory fills the ſky,
So let it be on earth diſplay'd, till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM

PSALM LVIII.

SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
Or, muft not innocence appeal
2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes

3 To virtue ftrangers from the womb,
They prattled flander, and in lies
4 No ſerpent of parch'd Afric's breed
The drowſy adder will as ſoon

5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf
From whom the ſkilful charmer's voice
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,
Diſarm theſe growling lion's jaws

7 Let now their inſolence, at height,
Their ſhiver'd darts deceive their aim
8 Like ſnails let them diſſolve to flame,
Unworthy to behold the ſun,

9 E'er thorns can make the fleſh-pots boil,
From God, and ſnatch them hence alive
10 The righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
And ſaints in perſecutors blood

11 Tranſgreſſors then with grief ſhall ſee
And own a God, whoſe juſtice will

If juſt your ſentence be,
to Heav'n from your decree?
alike by malice ſway'd:
to violence betray'd.

their infant-ſteps went wrong;
employ'd their liſping tongue.
does ranker poiſon bear;
unlock his fallen ear.

as adders they remain;
can no attention gain.
and timely break their pow'r:
e'er practis'd to devour.

like ebbing tides be ſpent:
when they their bow have bent.
like haſty births, become
and dead within the womb.

tempeſtuous wrath ſhall come
to their eternal doom.
their crimes ſuch vengeance meet,
ſhall dip their harmleſs feet.

juſt men reward obtain;
the guilty earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
In my defence oppoſe thy pow'r
2 Preſerve me from a wicked race,
Protect me from remorſeleſs men,

3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt
4 In haſte they run about, and watch
Look down, O Lord, on my diſtreſs,

5 Thou, Lord of hoſts, and Iſrael's God,
Relentleſs vengeance take on thoſe;
6 At ev'ning to beſet my houſe
While others thro' the city range,

7 Their throats envenom'd ſ under breathe,
Who hears, (ſay they) or hearing dares
8 But from thy throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
And ſoon to ſcorn and ſhame expoſe

9 On thee I wait, 'tis on thy ſtrength
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,
10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
Shall crown my wiſhes, and ſubdue

11 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once,
Leſt we, ungratefully, too ſoon
Diſperſe them thro' the nations round
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,

12 Now, in the height of all their hopes,
Whoſe tongues have ſinn'd without reſtraint,
13 Nor ſhalt thou, whilſt their race endures,
That diſtant lands, by their juſt doom,

14 At ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
Still wander all the city round,
15 Then, as for malice now they do,
And yell their vain complaints aloud,

16 Whilſt early I thy mercy ſing,
For thou haſt been my ſure defence,
17 To thee with never-ceaſing praiſe,
Thou art my God, the rock from whence

from all my ſpiteful foes;
to theirs, who me oppoſe.
who make a trade of ill;
who ſeek my blood to ſpill.

againſt my life combine:
for no offence of mine.
my guiltleſs life to take:
and to my help awake!

their heathen rage ſuppreſs:
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
like growling dogs they meet;
and ranſack ev'ry ſtreet.

their tongues are ſharpen'd ſwords;
reprove our lawleſs words?
their baffled plots deride;
their boaſted heathen pride.

for ſuccour I depend:
who only canſt defend.
from danger ſet me free,
my haughty foes to me.

reſtrain thy vengeful blow,
forget their overthrow.
by thy avenging pow'r:
O Lord, our ſhield and tow'r.

their arrogance chaſtiſe;
and curſes join'd with lies.
thine anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
may Iſrael's God confeſs.

like growling dogs to meet,
and traverſe every ſtreet.
for hunger let them ſtray,
defeated of their prey.

thy wond'rous pow'r confeſs;
my refuge in diſtreſs.
O God, my ſtrength, I'll ſing:
my health and ſafety ſpring.

PSALM LX.

O GOD, who haſt our troops diſperſ'd,
As we thy juſt diſpleaſure mourn,
2 Our ſtrength, that firm as earth did ſtand
Is rent by thy avenging hand.
3 Heal the breaches thou haſt made;

forſaking thoſe who left thee firſt,
to us in mercy, Lord, return.
we ſhake, we fall, without thy aid!

3 Our ſullied ſad defeats we feel, for, drunk with Diſcord's cup, we reel;
4 But now for them who thee rever'd thou haſt thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
5 Let thy right hand thy ſaints protect: Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct!
6 The Holy God hath ſpoken; I o'erjoy'd on his firm word rely.
To thee in portions I'll divide fair Sichem's ſoil, Samaria's pride;
To Sichem's ſuccoth next I'll join, and meaſure out her vale by line.
7 Manaſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe to my commands, with Ephraim's tribe;
Ephraim by arms ſupports my cauſe, and Judah by religious laws.
8 Moab my ſlave and drudge ſhall be, For Edom from my yoke get free;
Proud Paleſtiae's imperious ſtate ſhall humbly on our triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty pow'rs, and clear my way to Edom's tow'rs?
Or thro' her guarded frontiers tread the path that doth to conqueſt lead?
10 Ev'n thou, O God, who haſt diſperſt our troops (for we forſook thee firſt)
Thoſe whom thou didſt in wrath forſake, atton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting cauſe ſuſtain, for human ſuccours are but vain.
12 Freſh ſtrength and courage God bellows, 'tis he treads down our proudeſt foes.

PSALM LXI.

LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r, which I, oppreſt with grief,
2 From earth's remoteſt parts addreſs to thee for kind relief;
O lodge me ſafe beyond the reach of perſecuting pow'r;
3 Thou, who ſo oft from ſpiteful foes had been my ſhelt'ring tow'r.
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred courts ſecure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings all future ſtorms defy.
5 In ſign my vows are heard, once more I o'er thy choſen reign;
6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous life the King, thou didſt ordain.
7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign accepted in thy ſight,
And let thy truth and mercy both in his defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy praiſe, thy name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous days to pay the vows of my diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

MY ſoul for help on God relies, from him alone my ſafety flows:
My rock, my health, that ſtrength ſupplies to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
3 How long ye contrive my fall, which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall, or fence of uncemented ſtone.
4 To make my envy'd honours leſs they ſtrive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, tho' with their mouths they bleſs, in private curſe with inward ſpite.
5, 6 But thou, my ſoul, on God rely; on him alone thy truſt repoſe;
My rock and health will ſtrength ſupply to bear the ſhock of all my foes.
7 God does his ſaving health diſpenſe, and flowing bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my fortreſs and defence, on him my ſoul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye people, always truſt before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and juſt, his timely aid to us imparts.
9 The vulgar fickle are and frail; the great diſſemble and betray;
And laid in truth's impartial ſcale, the ſlighted things will both outweigh,
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive ways, by ſpoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increaſe, be ſet too much upon your gain.
11 For God has oft his will expreſs'd; and I this truth have fully known,
To be of boundleſs pow'r poſſeſs'd belongs of right to God alone.
12 Tho' mercy is his darling grace, in which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race according to their works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, my gracious God, to thee my morning pray'rs ſhall offer'd be:
For thee my thirſty ſoul does pant;
My fainting fleſh implores thy grace; within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreſhing waters want.
2 O to my longing eyes once more that view of glorious pow'r reſtore,
Which thy majeſtic houſe diſplays;
3 Becauſe to me thy word'rous love than life itſelf does dearer prove,
My lips ſhall always ſpeak thy praiſe
4 My life, while I that life enjoy, in bleſſing God I will employ,
With lifted hand, adore his name.
5 My ſoul's content ſhall be as great as theirs, who choiceſt dainties eat,
While I with joy his praiſe proclaim.
6 When down I lie to reſt from toil, thou, Lord, art preſent in my mind,
And how I walk in day or night;

7 Becauſe

7 Because thou still dost succour bring, beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight. [pow'r
8 My soul, when foes would me devour, cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless
In her support is daily shown.
9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay that my destruction wish; and they
That seek my life shall to earth their own.
10, 11 They by untimely ends shall die, their flesh a prey to foxes lie:
But God shall fill the king with joy. [voice,
Who swears by thee shall still rejoice, whilst the false tongue and lying
Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

PSALM LXIV.

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint, to my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes, and free my soul from fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'rest care in some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise, and all their plots defeat.
3 See how, intent to work my harm, they whet their tongues like swords;
And bend their bows to shoot their darts, sharp lies and bitter words.
4 Lurking in private at the just they take their secret aim;
And suddenly at him they shoot, quite void of fear and shame.
5 To carry on their ill designs they mutually agree;
They speak of laying private snares, and think that none shall see;
6 With utmost diligence and care their wicked plots they lay;
The deep designs of all their hearts are only to betray.
7 But God, to anger justly mov'd, his dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrows point shall swift destruction send.
8 Those slanders, which their mouths did vent, upon themselves shall fall;
Their crimes disclos'd, shall make them be despis'd and shunn'd by all.
9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess, and nations trembling stand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty work of his avenging hand.
10 Whilst righteous men, by God secur'd, in him shall gladly trust:
And all the listning earth shall hear. loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise in Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise, and all our zealous vows complete
2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r, didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all Mankind repair, and at thy gracious throne appear.
3 Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain to stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain, and washest out the crimson die.
4 Blest is the man, who, near thee plac'd, within thy sacred dwelling lives!
Whilst we at humbler distance taste the vast delights thy temple gives.
5 By wondrous acts, O God, most just, have we thy gracious answer found,
In thee remotest nations trust, and those whom stormy waves surround.
6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills, and does his matchless pow'r engage,
With which the seas loud waves he stills, and angry crowds tumultuous rage:

The Second Part.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay when they thy dreadful tokens view.
With joy they see the night and day each other's track by turns pursue.
9 From out thy unexhausted store thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;
Makes lands, that barren were before, with corn and useful fruit abound.
10 On rising ridges down it pours, and ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers, in which a blest increase distils.
11 Thy goodness does the circling year with fresh returns of plenty crown;
And, where thy glorious paths appear, thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd by them to pastures fresh and green:
The hills about in order rang'd in beauteous robes of joy are seen.
13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn the cheerful downs; the vallies bring
A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn, and seem for joy to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the lands with shouts of joy to God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name, and spread his glorious praise.
3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord, in all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes shall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Thro' all the earth the nations round shall thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their awful dread of thy great name express.
5 O come, behold the works of God, and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the sons of men has wond'rous judgments shown.
6 He made the sea become dry land, through which our father's walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his might with joy his people talk'd.
7 He by his power for ever rules; his eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel against his sov'reign sway.

The Second Part.

8, 9 O all ye nations, bless our God, and loudly speak his praise;
Who keeps our soul alive, and still confirms our stedfast ways.
10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as fire does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we oppressing burthens bore.
12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves, thro' fire and water chace;
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth into a wealthy place.
13 Burnt offerings to thy house I'll bring, and there my vows I'll pay,
14 Which I with solemn zeal did make in Trouble's dismal day.
15 Then shall the richest incense smoke, the fattest rams shall fall;
The choicest goats from out the fold, and bullocks from the stall.
16 O come, all ye that fear the Lord, attend with heedful care;
Whilst I, what God for me has done, with grateful joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his aid implor'd, so now I praise his name:
Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin, would all my prayers disclaim.
19 But God to me whene'er I cry'd, his gracious ear did bend:
And to the voice of my request with constant love attend.
20 Then bless'd for ever be my God, who never, when I pray,
With-holds his mercy from my soul, nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII.

TO bless thy chosen race, in mercy, Lord, incline:
And cause the brightness of thy face on all thy saints to shine:
2 That so thy wond'rous ways may thro' the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay, and thy salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praise thy glorious name.
4 O let them shout and sing, dissolv'd in pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous judge and king, shalt govern all the earth.
5 Let diff'ring nations join to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine to praise thy glorious name.
6 Then shall the teeming ground a large increase disclose:
And we with plenty shall be crown'd, which God, our God, bestows.
7 Then God upon our land shall constant blessings show'r,
And all the world in awe shall stand of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God, the God of battle rise, and scatter his presumptuous foes;
Let shameful rout their host surprise, who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost, or wax into the furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious host before his wrathful presence waste.
3 But let the servants of his will his favours gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill, and cheerful songs their tongues employ.
4 To him your voice in anthems raise, Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise, who rides upon high rolling spheres.
5 Him, from his empire of the skies, to this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronize, and judge the injur'd widow's cause.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil restores poor exiles to their home,
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil, their proud oppressors righteous doom.
7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead, in person, Lord, our armies forth,
Strange terrors thro' the desart spread, convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth.
8 The breaking clouds did rain distil, and Heav'n's high arches shook with fear:
How then shall Sinai's humble hill of Israel's God the presence bear?
9 Thy hand, at famish'd Earth's complaint, reliev'd her from celestial stores;
And, when thy heritage was faint, assuag'd the drought with plenteous showers.
10 Where savages had rang'd before, at ease thou mad'st our tribes reside;
And in the desart, for the poor thy gen'rous bounty didst provide.

The

The Second Part.

11 Thou gav'st the word, we sally'd forth, and in that pow'rful word o'ercame
While virgin troops with songs of mirth in state our conquest did proclaim.
12 Vast armies, by such Gen'rals led, as yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,
Forlook their camp with sudden dread, and to our women left the spoil.

13 Tho' Egypt's drudges you have been, your army's wings shall shine as bright
As doves, in golden sun-shine seen, or silver'd o'er with paler light.
14 'Twas so, when God's Almighty hand o'er scatter'd kings the conquest won;
Our troops drawn up on Jordan's strand, high Salmon's glittering snow out-shone.

15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast, and Bashan's hill we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast, but that she's God's inheritance.
16 But wherefore tho' the honour's great) should this, O mountains, swell your
For Sion is his chosen seat, where he for ever will reside [pride?

17 His chariots numberless, his pow'rs are heavenly hosts that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's tow'rs, as once it honour'd Sinai's hill.
18 Ascending high in triumph thou captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow the spoil of armies, once their dread.

E'en rebels shall partake thy grace, and humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling place, and all the world pay homage there.
19 For benefits each day bestow'd, be daily his great name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God, of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

21 But justice for his harden'd foes proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those, who in presumptuous crimes proceed.
22 The Lord hath thus in thunder spoke; "As I subdu'd proud Bashan's king,
"Once more I'll break my people's yoke, and from the deep my servants bring.

23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er,
"Nor earth receive such impious blood, but leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore."

The Third Part.

24 When, marching to thy blest abode, the wond'ring multitude survey'd
The pompous state of thee, our God, in robes of majesty array'd;
25 Sweet singing Levites led the van, loud instruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops a virgin train with voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.

26 This was the burthen of their song, "In full assemblies bless the Lord,
"All, who to Israel's tribes belong, the God of Israel's praise record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone from neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne her counsellers in state did send.

But Zebulon's remoter seat, and Napthali's more distant coast,
(The grand procession to complete) sent up their tribes, a princely host.

28 Thus God to strength and union brought our tribes, at strife till that blest hour;
This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought, confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r

29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend, and Sion thy terrestrial throne;
Where kings with presents shall attend, and thee with offer'd crowns atone.
30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, who thrust like pamper'd herds of famine
Their silver'd-armour'd chiefs defeat, who in destructive war delight. [mine

31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth her hands, and Afric homage bring:
32 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth their common sovereign's praises sing.
33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere of ancient Heaven, sublimely rides,
From whence his dreadful voice we hear, like that of warring winds and tides.

34 Ascribe the pow'r to God most high, of humble Israel he takes care:
Whose strength from out the dusky sky darts flaming terrors thro' the air.
35 How dreadful are the sacred courts, where God has fix'd his earthly throne!
His strength his feeble saints supports; to God give praise, and Him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll, and press to overwhelm my soul,
2 With painful steps in mire I tread, and deluges o'erflow my head.
3 With restless cries my spirits faint, my voice is hoarse with long complaint;
My sight decays with tedious pain, whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few, compar'd with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate, grown now of might, to execute their lawless spite.
They force me guiltless to restore what by right was mine before.
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence dost see, nor are my sins conceal'd from thee.

6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care, left for my sake thy saints despair;
7 Since I have suffer'd for thy name reproach, and hid my face in shame.
8 A stranger to my country grown, nor to my nearest kindred known;
A foreigner, expos'd to scorn by brethren of my mother born.

9 For zeal to thy lov'd house and name consumes me like devouring flame.
Concern'd at their affronts to thee, more than at slanders cast on me,
10 My very tears and abstinence they construe in a spiteful sense: smake.
11 When cloth'd with sackcloth for their sake, they me their common proverb

12 Their judges make my wrongs their jests, those wrongs they ought to have
How should I then expect to be from libels of lewd drunkards free? [redrest!
13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair for help with humble timely pray'r:
Relieve me from thy mercy's store, display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve, and from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep, and snatch me from the raging deep.
15 Control the deluge e'er it spread, and roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's yawning pit to close her jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make, for thy transcending goodness sake:
Relieve thy suppliant once more from thy abounding mercy's store.
17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face; make haste, for desp'rate is my case;
18 Thy timely succour interpose, and shield me from remorseless foes.

19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn I from my enemies have born,
Nor can their close dissembled spite, or darkest plots, escape thy sight.
20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart; I look'd for time to take my part;
To pity or relieve my pain, but look'd, alas! for both in vain.

21 With hunger pin'd, for food I call, instead of food they give me gall;
And when with thirst my spirits sink, they give me vinegar to drink.
22 Their table therefore to their health shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth;
23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes, and sudden blasts their hope surprise.

24 On them, thou shalt thy fury pour, till thy fierce wrath their race devour;
25 And make their house a dismal cell, where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
26 For new afflictions they procur'd for him, who had thy stripes endur'd;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn to bleed afresh with sharper scorn.

27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray, till they to truth have left the way.
28 From life thou shalt exclude their soul, nor with the just their names enrol.
29 But me, however di stress'd and poor, thy strong salvation shall restore:
30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim, and celebrate with thanks thy name

31 Our God shall this more highly prize than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
32 Which humble saints with joy shall see, and hope for like redress with me;
33 For God regards the poor's complaint, sets pris'ners free from close restraint.
34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their voices raise, and all the world resound his praise.

35 For God will Sion's walls erect; fair Judah's cities he'll protect,
Till all her scatter'd sons repair to undisturb'd possession there.
36 This blessing they shall, at their death, to their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endless ages more of such, as his blest name adore.

PSALM LXX.

O LORD, to my relief draw near, for never was more pressing need;
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear, and add to that deliv'rance speed.
2 Confusion on their heads return, who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn, confus'd in their own vile design.

3 Their doom let desolation be, with shame their malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my confidence in thee, and sport of my affliction made.
4 While those, who humbly seek thy face, to joyful triumphs shall be rais'd,
And all who prize thy saving grace with me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.

5 Thus wretch'd tho' I am and poor, the mighty Lord of me takes care,
Thou, God, who only can'st relieve, to my relief with speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2, IN thee I put my stedfast trust, defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul, for righteous is thy name.
3 Be thou my strong abiding place, to which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe; thou art my rock and fort.

4, 5, From cruel and ungodly men protect and set me free,
For, from my earliest youth 'till now, my hope has been in thee.

6 Thy

6 Thy conſtant care did ſafely guard my tender infant days;
Thou took'ſt me from my mother's womb to ſing thy conſtant praiſe.
7, 8, While ſome on me with wonder gaze, thy hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praiſe my mouth ſhall always fill.

9 Reject not then thy ſervant, Lord, when I with age decay,
Forſake me not when, worn with years, my vigour fades away.
10 My foes againſt my fame and me with crafty malice ſpeak;
Againſt my ſoul they lay their ſnares, and mutual counſel take.

11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now, on whom he did rely:
Purſue and take him, whilſt no hope of timely aid is nigh.
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far, for ſpeedy help I call:
13 To ſhame and ruin bring my foes, that ſeek to work my fall.

14 But as for me, my ſteadfaſt hope ſhall on thy pow'r depend,
And I in grateful ſongs of praiſe my time to come will ſpend.

The Second Part.

15 Thy righteous acts and ſaving health my mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all, tho' famm'd with utmoſt care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his ſupport, I'll in his ſtrength go on;
All other righteouſneſs diſclaim, and mention his alone.

17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my youth to praiſe thy glorious name;
And ever ſince thy wond'rous works have been my conſtant theme.
18 Then now forſake me not, when I am grey and feeble grown,
'Till I to theſe, and future times, thy ſtrength and pow'r have ſhown.

19 How high thy juſtice ſoars, O God! how great and wond'rous are
The mighty works which thou haſt done! who may with thee compare?
20 Me, whom thy hand has ſorely preſs'd, thy grace ſhall yet relieve,
And from the loweſt depth of woe with tender care retrieve.

21 Thro' thee, my time to come ſhall be with pow'r and greatneſs crown'd,
And me, who dismal years have paſs'd, thy comforts ſhall ſurround.
22 Therefore with pſaltery and harp thy truth, O Lord, I'll praiſe;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race, my voice in anthems raiſe.

23 Then joy ſhall fill my mouth, and ſongs employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful ſoul, by thee redeem'd, ſhall in thy ſtrength rejoice.
24 My tongue thy juſt and righteous acts ſhall all the day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my foes, and brought'ſt them all to ſhame.

PSALM LXXII.

LORD, let thy juſt decrees the king in all his ways direct;
And let his ſon, throughout his reign, thy righteous laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy people judge with pure and upright mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs poor ſhall him their juſt protector find.

3 Then hills and mountains ſhall bring forth the happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land ſhall own to be the work of righteouſneſs;
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy race ſhall rule with gentle ſway;
And from their humble necks ſhall take oppreſſive yokes away.

5 In ev'ry heart thy awful fear ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure, or time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like rain, that cheers the meadows ſecond birth,
Or like warm ſhow'rs, whoſe gentle drops refreſh the thirſty earth.

7 In his bleſt days the juſt and good ſhall be with favour crown'd,
The happy land ſhall every where with endleſs peace abound.
8 His uncontrol'd dominion ſhall from ſea to ſea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrates' ſtreams, at nature's limits end.

9 To him the ſavage nations round ſhall bow their ſervile head;
His vanquiſh'd foes ſhall lick the duſt, where he his conqueſt ſpreads.
10 The king of Tarſhiſh, and the iſles, ſhall coſtly preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba gifts ſhall come, and wealthy Saba's king.

11 To him ſhall ev'ry king on earth his humble homage pay,
And diff'rent nations gladly join, to own his righteous ſway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the needy free, when they for ſuccour cry,
Shall ſave the helpleſs and the poor, and all their wants ſupply.

PSALM LXXII.

The Second Part.

13 His providence for needy souls
And over their defenceless lives.
14 He shall preserve and keep their souls
And in his sight their guiltless blood

15 Therefore shall God his life and reign
While eastern princes tribute pay,
For him shall constant pray'rs be made
His just dominion shall afford

16 Of useful grain, thro' all the land,
A handful sown on mountain tops
His fruit, like cedars shook by winds,
The city too shall thrive, and vie

17 The mem'ry of his glorious name
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
In him the nations of the world
And his unbounded happiness

18 Then blest be God, the mighty Lord,
Who only wond'rous in his works
19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world

shall due supplies prepare:
shall watch with tender care.
from fraud and rapine free,
of mighty price shall be.

to many years extend,
and golden presents send.
thro' all his prosp'rous days;
a lasting theme of praise.

great plenty shall appear;
a mighty crop shall bear.
a rustling noise shall yield;
for plenty with the field.

thro' endless years shall run;
and lasting as the sun.
shall be completely blest'd,
by ev'ry tongue confess'd.

the God whom Israel fears;
beyond compare appears.
for ever bless his name;
their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That all whose hearts be pure and clean
2, 3 Till his sustaining truth I knew,
I griev'd the sinner's wealth to view,
4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend,
No plague or troubles them offend,
6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're hold,
Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd,
8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
Their tongue thro' all the earth does walk,
10 And yet admiring crowds are found,
Because with plenty they abound,
11 Their fond opinions they pursue,
"How should the Lord our actions view,
12 Behold the wicked! these are they
Who yet their wealth's increas'd each day,
13, 14 Have I cleans'd my heart, and
And the day oppress'd I lie
15 Thus did I once to speak intend;
Thy children, Lord, I must offend,

that God will to his saints be kind,
shall his protecting favour find.
my flagg'ring feet had almost fail'd;
and envy'd when the fools prevail'd;
and whilst they live are hale and strong
which oft to other men belong.
and rapine seems their robe of state;
they grow beyond their wishes great
oppressive methods they defend;
their blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.
who servile visits duly make,
of which their flatt'ring slaves partake.
till they with them profanely cry,
can he perceive who dwells so nigh?"
who openly their sins profess;
and all their actions meet success.
and wash'd my hands from guilt in
and every morning suffer pain. [vain,
but, if such things I rashly say,
and basely should their caule betray.

The Second Part.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent, but found the case too hard for me;
Till to the house of God I went,
18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate despis'd by thee when they're def-
As waking men with scorn do treat
21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppress'd, my reins were rack'd with restless
So mad was I, like a beast,
23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd, and thy right hand assistance gave:
Thou as a chief wilt thy counsel guide,
25 Whom then in heav'n, but thee alone, have I, whose love or I require?
Among all the pleasures earth there's none,
26, 27 Trouble, sickness and aching heart
But God shall inward strength impart,
For they that far from thee remove,
All who confide in Gods they love,
28 But as for me, 'tis good and just
To draw near thee, put my trust,

then I their end did plainly see.
on slippery places to ruin stand;
cast down by thy avenging hand. [troy'd;
the fancies that their dreams employ'd.
who no reflecting thought retains. [pains;
and thy right hand assistance gave:
and then to glory me receive.
whose love or I require?
that I besides thee can desire.
may often fail to succour me,
and my eternal portion be.
shall into ruin fall:
thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
that I should fall to God repair;
and with his wond'rous works declare.

PSAL M

PSALM LXXIV, LXXV.

PSALM LXXIV.

WHY hast thou cast us off, O God! wilt thou no more return?
O why against thy chosen flock does thy fierce anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord, the land that is thy own:
By thee redeem'd, and Sion's mount, where once thy glory shone.
3 O come, and view our ruin'd state! how long our troubles last!
See how the foe with wicked rage has laid thy temple waste!
4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name; where late thy zealous servants pray'd,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp, their banners have display'd.
5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once advance the artist's fame,
With ax and hammer they destroy, like works of vulgar frame.
7 Thy holy temple they have burnt; and what escap'd the flame
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd, tho' sacred to thy name.
8 Thy worship wholly to destroy maliciously they aim'd;
And all the sacred places burn'd, where we thy praise proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st no tender signs to send;
We have no prophet now, that knows when this sad state shall end.

The Second Part.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit th' insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy name for evermore be lost?
11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand, and on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth, so calmly lett'st it rest?
12 Thou heretofore; with kingly power, in our defence hast fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring world, hast great salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that did'st the sea with thy own strength divide;
Thou brak'st the wat'ry monster's head, the waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
14 The greatest, fiercest of them all, that seem'd the deep to sway;
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made to savage beasts a prey.
15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st the waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'st thro' parting streams thy wond'ring people go.
16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine the black return of night;
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun, and ev'ry feebler light:
17 By thee the borders of the earth in perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold attend on thy command

The Third Part.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes have daily urg'd our shame;
And how the foolish people have blasphem'd thy holy name.
19 O free thy mourning turtle dove, by sinful crouds beset;
Nor the assembly of the poor for evermore forget.
20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard, and make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land is all'd with men of blood.
21 O let not the oppress'd return with sorrow clear'd and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor for ever praise thy name.
22 Arise, O God, in our behalf, thy cause and ours maintain;
Remember how insulting fools each day thy name profane!
23 Make thou the hostings of thy foes for ever, Lord, to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd, will more and more increase.

PSALM LXXV.

TO thee, O God, we render praise, to thee with thanks repair;
For, that thy name to us is nigh, thy wondrous works declare.
2 In time when my throne is fix'd, with me shall justice reign:
3 The land with discord shakes, but I the sinking frame sustain.
4 Deluded wretches I advis'd their errors to redress,
and warn'd bold sinners, that they should their swelling pride suppress.
5 scorn not yourselves so high, as if no pow'r could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn to speak with less disdain.
6 For that promotion, which to gain your wishing ambition strives,
From neither east nor west, nor yet from southern climes arrives.
7 For God the great disposer is, and sov'reign judge alone,
Who calls the proud to earth, and lifts the humbly to a throne.

8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup, with purple wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
O this his saints sometimes may taste; but wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemn'd to drink the very lees.
9 His prophet, I to all the world this message will relate;
The Justice then of Jacob's God my song shall celebrate.
10 The wicked's pride I will reduce, their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just, and set him high above the reach of harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah the Almighty's known, (Almighty there by wonders shown
His name in Jacob does excel:
2 His sanctuary in Salem stands; the majesty that Heav'n command,
In Sion condescends to dwell.
3 He brake the bow and arrows there, the shield, the temper'd sword and spear,
There slain the mighty army lay;
4 Whence Sion's fame through earth is spread, of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.
5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil, themselves met there a shameful foil;
Securely down to sleep they lay:
But wak'd no more; their stout hand ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'Gainst his, that did their legions slay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown, both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless night. [appear
7 When thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere, dost once with wrathful look
What mortal pow'r can stand thy sight? [thou didst come.
8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its doom; grew hush'd with fear, when
9 The meek with justice to restore;
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise; its last attempts but serves to raise
The triumphs of Almighty pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations; bring vow'd presents to th' eternal king;
Thus to his name due rev'rence pay;
12 Who proudest potentates can quell, to earthly kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling subjects they.

PSALM LXXVII.

TO God I cry'd, who to my help did graciously repair;
2 In Trouble's dismal day I sought my God with humble pray'r.
All night my fest'ring wound did run, no medicine gave relief;
My soul no comfort would admit, my soul indulg'd her grief.
3 I thought on God, and favours past, but that increas'd my pain;
I found my spirit more oppress'd, the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry watch of tedious night thou keep'st my eyes awake;
My grief is swell'd to that excess, I sigh, but cannot speak.
5 I call to mind the days of old, with signal mercy crown'd.
Those famous years of ancient times, for miracles renown'd.
6 By night I recollect my songs on former triumphs made,
Then search, consult, and ask my heart, where's now that wond'rous aid?
7 Has God for ever cast us off? withdrawn his favour quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth retir'd to endless night?
9 Can his long-practis'd love forget its wonted aid to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd his mercy's healing spring?
10 I said my weakness hints these fears, but I'll my fears disband;
I'll yet remember the most high, and years of his right hand.
11 I'll call to mind his works of old, the wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart shall meditate, my tongue shall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high, O God, thy counsels are!
Who is so great a God as ours? who can with him compare?
14 Long since the God of wonders thee thy rescu'd people found:
15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed with strong deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the waters saw, the frighted billows shrunk;
The troubled depths themselves, for fear, beneath their channels sunk.
17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending skies did with their noise conspire;
Thy arrows all abroad were sent, wing'd with avenging fire.

18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn, whilſt all the lower world
With lightning's blaz'd; earth ſhook, and ſeem'd from her foundations hurl'd.
19 Thro' rolling ſtreams thou find'ſt thy way, thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wondrous paſſage, where no ſight thy footſteps can deſery.
20 Thou led'ſt thy people like a flock ſafe thro' the deſart land,
By Moſes, their meek ſkilful guide, and Aaron's ſacred hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HEAR, O my People; to my law devout attention lend;
Let the inſtruction of my mouth deep in your heart deſcend.
2 My tongue, by inſpiration taught, ſhall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but underſtood, and own'd for truths of old.
3 Which we from ſacred regiſters of ancient times have known,
And our fore-fathers pious care to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our ſons; our offspring ſhall be taught
The praiſes of the Lord, whoſe ſtrength has works of wonder wrought.
5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd, this league with Iſrael made,
With charge, to be from age to age, from race to race convey'd.
6 That generations yet to come ſhould to their unborn heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the fame, and they again to theirs.
7 To teach them, that in God alone their hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his works forget, but keep his juſt commands.
8 Left, like their fathers, they might prove a ſtiff rebellious race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God, unſtedfaſt in his grace.
9 Such were revolting Ephraim's ſons, who, tho' to warfare bred,
And ſkilful archers, arm'd with bows, from field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falſify'd their league with God his orders diſobey'd;
Forgot his works and miracles before their eyes display'd.
12 Nor wonders, which their fathers ſaw, did they in mind retain;
Prodigious things in Egypt done, and Zoan's fertile plain.
13 He cuts the ſeas to let them paſs, reſtrain'd the preſſing flood;
While pil'd in heaps, on either ſide, the ſolid waters ſtood.
14 A wond'rous pillar led them on, compos'd of ſhade and light;
A ſhe'ltring cloud it prov'd by day, a leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppreſs'd them where no ſtream the wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He clef the rock, whoſe flinty breaſt diſſolv'd into a tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid rock he brought, which down in rivers fell,
That, trav'lling with their camp, each day renew'd the miracle.
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more, provoking the moſt high;
In that ſame deſert where he did their fainting ſouls ſupply.
18 They firſt incens'd him in their hearts, that did his pow'r diſtruſt,
And long'd for meat, not urg'd by want, but to indulge their luſt:
19 Then utt'ring their blaſpheming doubts, "can God, ſay they prepare
"A table in the wilderneſs, ſet out with various fare?
20 "He ſmote the flinty rock, 'tis true, and guſhing ſtreams enſu'd;
"But can he corn and fleſh provide for ſuch a multitude?"
21 The Lord with indignation heard; from Heav'n avenging flame
On Jacob fell, conſuming wrath on thankleſs Iſrael came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving hearts in God would not confide:
Nor truſt his care, who had from Heav'n their wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Tho' he had made his clouds diſcharge proviſions down in ſhow'rs;
And, when earth fail'd, reliev'd their need from his celeſtial ſtores.
24 Tho' manful manna was rain'd down their hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the ſtores of Heav'n they did ſuſtaining corn receive.
25 Thus man with angel's ſacred food, ingrateful man was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found a plenteous table ſpread.
26 From Heav'n he made an eaſt wind blow, then did the ſouth command
27 To rain down fleſh like duſt, and fowls like ſeas unnumber'd land.
28 Within their trenches he let fall the luſcious eaſy prey,
And all around their ſpreading camp the feather'd booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave their appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton luſt crav'd on, nor with their hunger ceas'd.
But while in their luxurious mouths they did their dainties chew,
The wrath of God ſmote down their chiefs and Iſrael's choſen flew.

The

PSALM LXXVIII.

The Second Part.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford his miracles belief;
33 Therefore thro' fruitleſs travels he conſum'd their lives in grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain the reſt return'd to God with early cry;
35 Own'd him the rock of their defence, their Saviour, God moſt high.
36 But this was feign'd ſubmiſſion all, their heart their tongue bely'd;
37 Their heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would firm in his league abide.
38 Yet, full of mercy he forgave, nor did with death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled wrath aſide, or would not let it riſe.
39 For he remember'd they were fleſh, that could not long remain;
A murm'ring wind that's quickly paſt, and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there, how oft his patience grieve,
In that ſame deſert where he did their fainting ſouls relieve.
41 They tempted him by turning back, and wickedly repin'd,
When Iſrael's God refus'd to be by their deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day that their redemption brought;
43 His ſigns in Egypt, wond'rous works in Zoan's valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their rivers into blood, that man and beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of thirſt, than drink the putrid gore.
45 He ſent devouring ſwarms of flies, hoarſe frogs annoy'd their ſoil;
46 Locuſts and caterpillars reap'd the harveſt of their toil.
47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke, with froſt the fig-tree dies;
48 Light'ning and hail made flocks and herds one gen'ral ſacrifice.
49 He turn'd his anger looſe, and ſet no time for it to ceaſe;
And, with their plagues, bad angels ſent their torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a paſſage for his wrath to ravage uncontrol'd;
The murrain on their firſtlings ſeiz'd in ev'ry field and fold.
51 The deadly peſt from beaſt to man, from field to city came;
It ſlew their heirs, their eldeſt hopes, thro' all the tents of Ham.
52 But his own tribe, like folded ſheep, he brought from their diſtreſs,
And them conducted like a flock throughout the wilderneſs.
53 He led them on, and in their way no cauſe of fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely thro' thoſe deeps, in which their foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his care till them he brought ſafe to his promis'd land,
And to his holy mount, the prize of his victorious hand.
55 To them the out-caſt heathen's land he did by lot divide;
And in their foes abandon'd tents made Iſrael's tribe reſide.

The Third Part.

56 Yet ſtill the tempted, ſtill provok'd the wrath of God moſt high;
Nor would to practiſe his commands their ſtubborn hearts apply.
57 But in their faithleſs father's ſteps perverſely choſe to go;
They turn aſide, like arrows ſhot from ſome deceitful bow.
58 For him to fury they provok'd with altars ſet on high;
And with their graven images inflam'd his jealouſy.
59 When God heard this on Iſrael's tribes his wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shilo, and the tents where once he choſe to dwell.
61 To vile captivity his ark, his glory to diſdain,
62 His people to the ſword he gave, nor would his wrath reſtrain.
63 Deſtructive war their ableſt youth untimely did confound;
No virgin was to th' altar led, with nuptial garlands crown'd.
64 In fight the ſacrificer fell, the prieſt a victim bled;
And widows, who their deaths ſhould mourn, themſelves of grief were dead.
65 Then, as a giant rous'd from ſleep, whom wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awak'd, and his proud foe alarm'd.
66 He ſmote their hoſts, that from the field a ſcatter'd remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs of everlaſting ſhame.
67 With conqueſts crown'd, he Joſeph's tents and Ephraim's tribe forſook;
68 But Judah choſe, and Sion's mount for his lov'd dwelling took.
69 His temple he erected there, with ſpires exalted high,
While deep and fix'd, as that of earth, the ſtrong foundations lie.
70 His faithful ſervant David too he for his choice did own,
And from the ſheep-folds him advanc'd to ſit on Judah's throne.
71 From tending on the teeming ewes, he brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes of Iſrael's choſen ſeed.
72 Exalted thus, the monarch prov'd a faithful ſhepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright heart, and guided them with ſkill.

PSALM

PSALM LXXIX, LXXX.

PSALM LXXIX.

BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts have thy possession seiz'd:
Thy sacred house they have defil'd, thy holy city raz'd.
2 The mangled bodies of thy saints abroad unbury'd lay;
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts, and ravenous birds of prey.
3 Quite thro' Jerusalem was their blood like common water shed;
And none were left alive to pay last duties to the dead.
4 The neighbouring lands our small remains with loud reproaches wound;
And we a laughing-stock are made to all the nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord? must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous rage, like fire, for ever burn?
6 On foreign lands, that know not thee, thy heavy vengeance show'r;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush, that have not own'd thy pow'r.
7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd on Jacob's chosen race;
And to a barren desart turn'd their fruitful dwelling place.
8 O think not on our former sins, but speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints, almost with sorrow spent.
9 Thou God of our salvation, help, and free our souls from blame,
So shall our pardon and defence exalt thy glorious name.
10 Let infidels that, scoffing, say, where is the God they boast?
In vengeance, for thy slaughter'd saints, perceive thee to their cost.
11 Lord, hear the sighing prisoners moan, thy saving pow'r extend;
Preserve the wretches, doom'd to die, from that untimely end.
12 On them who us oppress let all our suff'rings be repaid;
Make their confusion seven times more than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy people and thy flock, shall ever praise thy name;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks from age to age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

O Israel's shepherd, Joseph's guide, our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou, that dost on the Cherubs ride, again in solemn state appear.
2 Behold, how Benjamin expects, with Ephraim and Manasseh join'd,
In our deliv'rance, the effects of thy resistless strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey, how long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suff'ring people pray, and to their pray'rs have no return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench our scanty food in floods of woe:
When dry, our raging thirst we quench with streams of tears that largely flow.
6 For us the heathen nations round, as for a common prey, contest;
Our foes with spiteful joy abound, and at our lost condition jest.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

The Second Part.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land, and, casting out the heathen race,
Did'st plant it with thy own right hand, and firmly fix'd it in their place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way, and mad'st it take a lasting root;
Which, blest with thy indulgent ray, o'er all the land did widely shoot.
10,11 The hills were cover'd with its shade, its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread, and reach'd to proud Euphrates' streams.
12 Why then hast thou it's hedge o'erthrown, which thou hast made so firm and strong
While all it's grapes, defenceless grown, are pluck'd by those that pass along?
13 See how the brittling forest boar with dreadful fury lays it waste;
Hark how the savage monsters roar, and to their helpless prey make haste.

The Third Part.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray; thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n, thy throne, this vine survey, and her sad state with pity view.
15 Behold the vineyard made by thee, which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free, which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey, and all its spreading boughs cut down.
At thy rebuke they soon decay, and perish at thy dreadful frown. [wrong:
17 Crown thou the king with good success, by thy right hand secur'd from
The son of man in mercy bless, whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

18 So shall we still continue free from whatsoe'er deserves thy blame;
And, if once more reviv'd by thee, will always praise thy holy name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou the lustre of thy face display;
And all the ill we suffer now, like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI.

TO God, our never-failing strength, with loud applauses sing;
And jointly make a cheerful noise to Jacob's awful king.
2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps your grateful skill employ.
3 Let trumpets at the great new moon their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time, the solemn day of praise.
4 For this a statute was of old, with Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observ'd by Israel's chosen seed.
5 This he for a memorial fix'd, when freed from Egypt's land,
Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard, but could not understand.
6 "Your burthen'd shoulders I reliev'd, (thus seems our God to say)
"Your servile hands by me were freed from lab'ring in the clay.
7 "Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd, to me for aid did call;
"With pity I their sufferings saw, and set them free from all.
"They fought for me, and from the cloud in thunder I reply'd:
"At Meribah's contentious stream their faith and duty try'd.

The Second Part.

8 "While I my solemn will declare, my chosen people hear;
"If thou, O Israel, to my words wilt bend thy listning ear.
9 "Then shall no God besides myself within thy coasts be found;
"Nor shalt thou worship any God of all the nations round.
10 "The Lord thy God am I, who thee brought forth from Egypt's land:
"'Tis I that all thy just desires supply with liberal hand.
11 "But they, my chosen race, refus'd to hearken to my voice;
"Nor would rebellious Israel's sons make me their happy choice."
12 So I, provok'd, resign'd them up to ev'ry lust a prey,
And in their own perverse designs permitted them to stray.
13 O that my people wisely would my just commandments heed!
And Israel in my righteous ways with pious care proceed!
14 Then should my heavy judgments fall on all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turn'd against their numerous foes.
15 Their enemies and mine should all before my foot-stops bend;
But as for them, their happy state should never know an end.
16 All parts with plenty should abound; with finest wheat their field:
The barren rocks, to please their taste, should richest honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD in the great assembly stands, where his impartial eye
In state he surveys the earthly gods, and does their judgments try.
2, 3 How dare you then unjustly judge, or be to sinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor, let such your justice find.
4 Protect the humble helpless man, reduc'd to deep distress,
And let him not become a prey to such as would oppress.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn, but blindly rove and stray;
Justice and truth, the world's support, thro' all the land decay.
6 Well then might God in anger say, "I've call'd you by my name;
"I've said ye are Gods, the sons and heirs of my immortal fame.
7 "But now, false lords, your unjust deeds to strict account I'll call;
"You all shall die like common men, like other tyrants fall."
8 Arise, and thy just judgment, Lord, throughout the earth display:
And all the nations of the world shall own thy rights as sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God, no longer silent be;
Nor with contenting quiet looks our ruin coldly see!
2 For lo, the tumults of thy foes o'er all the lands are spread:
And they, with lofty fronts and stern, lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against

3 Againſt thy zealous people, Lord, they craftily combine;
And to deſtroy thy choſen ſaints have laid their cloſe deſign,
4 "Come let us cut them off, ſay they, their nation quite deface;
"That no remembrance may remain of Iſrael's hated race."

5 Thus they againſt thy people's peace conſult with one conſent;
And diff'rent nations jointly leagu'd, their common malice vent.
6 The Iſhmaelites that dwell in tents, with warlike Edom join'd,
And Moab's ſons our ruin vow, with Hagar's race combin'd.

7 Proud Ammon's offſpring, Gebal too, with Amalek conſpire;
The lords of Paleſtine, and all the wealthy ſons of Tyre:
8 All theſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian king their firm ally have got,
Who with a pow'rful army aids th' inceſtuous race of Lot.

The Second Part.

9 But let ſuch vengeance come to them as once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Siſera, at Kiſhon's fatal ſtream.
10 When thy right hand their num'rous hoſt near Endor did confound,
And left their carcaſes for dung to feed the hungry ground.

11 Let all their mighty men the fate of Zeb and Oreb ſhare;
As Zebah and Zalmuna, ſo let all their princes fare.
12 Who with the ſame deſign inſpir'd, thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm poſſeſſion for ourſelves let us God's houſes take."

13 To ruin let them haſte, like wheels which downwards ſwiftly move:
Like chaff before the winds, let all their ſcatter'd forces prove.
14,15 As flames conſume dry wood, or heath that on parch'd mountains grows,
So let thy fierce purſuing wrath with terror ſtrike thy foes.

16,17 Lord, ſhroud their faces with diſgrace, that they may own thy name;
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd hearts thy gentler means diſclaim.
18 So ſhall the wond'ring world confeſs that thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth haſt rais'd thy lofty throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O God of hoſts, the mighty Lord, how lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, ſhew'ſt the brightneſs of thine face!
2 My longing ſoul faints with deſire to view thy bleſt abode;
My panting heart and fleſh cry out for thee, the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I, around thine altar throng;
Securely there they build, and there ſecurely hatch their young.
4 O Lord of hoſts, my king and God, how highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell, and there thy praiſe diſplay!

5 Thrice happy they, whoſe choice has thee their ſure protection made,
Who long to tread the ſacred ways that to thy dwelling lead!
6 Who paſs thro' Baca's thirſty vale, yet no refreſhment want;
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou at their requeſt doſt grant.

7 Thus they proceed from ſtrength to ſtrength, and ſtill approach more near
'Till all on Sion's holy mount before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of hoſts, my juſt requeſt regard;
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r be ſtill with favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone cant timely aid diſpenſe;
On thy anointed ſervant look; be thou his ſtrong defence.
10 For in thy courts one ſingle day 'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place beſides, a thouſand days to ſpend.

11 Much rather in God's houſe will I the meaneſt office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of ſin my pompous dwelling make.
12 For God, who is our ſun and ſhield, will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he with-hold from them that juſtly live.

13 Thou God, whom heav'nly hoſts obey, how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe hope and truſt, ſecurely plac'd, is ſtill repoſ'd on thee?

PSALM LXXXV.

LORD, thou haſt granted to thy land the favours we implor'd;
And faithful Jacob's captive race has graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy people's ſins thou haſt abſolv'd, and all their guilt remov'd;
Thou haſt not let thy wrath flame on, nor thy fierce anger vow'd.

4 O God

4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts to thy obedience turn;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears, thy wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still, and wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints thy wonted comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display, which we have long implor'd;
And, for thy wond'rous mercies sake, thy wonted aid afford.
8 God's answer patiently I'll wait, for he, with glad success,
(If they no more to folly turn) his mourning saints will bless.
9 To all that fear his holy name his sure salvation's near;
And in its former happy state our nation shall appear.
10 For mercy now with truth is join'd, and righteousness with peace
Like kind companions absent long, with friendly arms embrace.
11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst Heav'n shall streams of justice pour
And God, from whom all goodness flows, shall endless plenty show'r.
13 Before him righteousness shall march, and his just paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy steps pursue, with constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God, thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me distrest and destitute of all relief but thine:
2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul, that does thy name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust relies on thee, restore.
3 To me, who daily thee invoke, thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good, but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those who for thy mercy sue.
6 To my repeated humble pray'r, O Lord, attentive be!
7 When troubled I on thee will call, for thou wilt answer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like thee, O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they, as are their works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator thee the nations shall adore,
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise to thy blest name restore.
10 All shall confess thee great, and great the wonders thou hast done:
Confess thee God, the God supreme, confess thee God alone.

The Second Part.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I from truth shall ne'er depart;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name devoutly fix my heart.
12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God, praise thee with heart sincere,
And to thy everlasting name eternal trophies rear.
13 Thy boundless mercies shown to me transcend my pow'r to tell,
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul from lowest depths of Hell.
14 O God, the sons of pride and strife have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy pow'r, that oft has my deliv'rance wrought.
15 But thou thy constant goodness did to my assistance bring;
Of patience, mercy, and of truth, thou everlasting spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength to me thy servant show;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me thy handmaid's son bestow.
17 Some signal give, which my proud foes may see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief and comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

GOD's temple crowns the holy mount, the Lord there condescends to dwell;
2 His Sion's gates, in his account, our Israel's fairest tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing, O city of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise, in Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise, with that of Tyre and Palestine.
And grant that some amongst them born their age and country did adorn.
5 But still of Sion I'll aver, that many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6 His gen'ral list shall show, when read, that such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.
7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skill'd, and (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring, like waters from a living spring.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXVIII, LXXXIX.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

TO thee, my God and Saviour, I by day and night addreſs my cry;
2 Vouchſafe my mournful voice to hear, to my diſtreſs incline thine ear:
3 For ſeas of trouble me invade, my ſoul draws nigh to death's cold ſhade.
4 Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled, they number me amongſt the dead.
5 Like thoſe who, ſhrouded in the grave, from thee no more remembrance have;
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining care, down to the confines of deſpair.
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain, afflicting me with reſtleſs pain,
Me all thy mountain waves have preſt, too weak, alas! to bear the leaſt.

8 Remov'd from friends, I ſigh alone, in a loath'd dungeon laid, where none
A viſit ſhall vouchſafe to me, comfort or paſt hopes of liberty.
9 My eyes from weeping never ceaſe, they waſte, but ſtill my griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd, with out-ſtretch'd hands invok'd thy aid.

10 Wilt thou by miracle revive the dead, whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From death reſtore, thy praiſe to ſing, whom thou from priſon would not bring.
11 Shall the mute grave thy love confeſs? a mould'ring tomb thy faithfulneſs?
12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain, where darkneſs and oblivion reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn; my pray'r prevents the early morn.
14 Why haſt thou, Lord, my ſoul forſook, nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious look,
15 Prevailing ſorrows bear me down, which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors paſt diſtract my mind, and fears of blacker days behind.

16 Thy wrath has burſt upon my head, thy terrors fill my ſoul with dread;
17 Encompaſs'd as with waves combin'd, and for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
18 My lovers, friends, familiars all remov'd from ſight, and out of call;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd, dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THY mercies, Lord, ſhall be my ſong, my ſong on them ſhall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue thy never-failing truth ſhall tell.
2 I have affirm'd, and ſtill maintain, thy mercy ſhall for ever laſt;
Thy truth, that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain, like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy prophet's voice, "with David I a league have made,
4 To him my ſervant and my choice, my ſolemn oath this grant convey'd,
4 "While earth, and ſeas, and ſkies endure, thy ſeed ſhall in my ſight remain;
"To them thy throne I will aſſure, they ſhall to endleſs ages reign;"

5 For ſuch ſtupenduous truth and love both Heav'n and Earth juſt praiſes owe,
By choirs of angels ſung above, and by aſſembled ſaints below.
6 What Seraph of celeſtial birth to vie with Iſrael's God ſhall dare?
Or who among the Gods of earth with our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With rev'rence and religious dread his ſaints ſhould to his temple preſs;
His fear thro' all their hearts ſhould ſpread, who his Almighty name confeſs.
8 Lord God of armies, who can boaſt of ſtrength or pow'r like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful hoſt, as that which does thy throne ſurround?
9 Thou doſt the lawleſs ſeas control, and change the proſpect of the deep:
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll, thou mak'ſt the roaring billows ſleep.
10 Thou break'ſt in pieces Rahab's pride, and didſt oppreſſing pow'r diſarm:
Thy ſcatter'd foes have dearly try'd the force of thy reſiſtleſs arm.

11 In thee the ſov'reign right remains, of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains, their maker and preſerver own.
12 The poles, on which the globe doth reſt, were form'd by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, eaſt and weſt, in thy ſuſtaining pow'r rejoice.

13 Thy arm is mighty, ſtrong thy hand, yet, Lord, thou doſt with juſtice reign;
14 Poſſeſt of abſolute command, thou truth and mercy doſt maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear thy ſacred trumpet's joyful ſound;
Who may at feſtivals appear, with thy moſt glorious preſence crown'd.

16 Thy ſaints ſhall always be o'erjoy'd, who on thy ſacred name rely;
And, in thy righteouſneſs employ'd, above their foes be raiſ'd on high.
17 For in thy ſtrength they ſhall advance, whoſe conqueſts from thy favour ſpring;
18 The Lord of hoſts is our defence, and Iſrael's God our Iſrael's king.

19 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy prophet's voice, "a mighty champion I will ſend;
From Judah's tribe have I made choice of one, who ſhall the reſt defend.
20 "My ſervant David I have found, with holy oil anointed him;
21 "Him ſhall the hand ſupport that crown'd, and guard that gave the diadem.

22 "No

22 " No prince from him shall tribute force, no sign of strife shall him annoy;
23 " His spiteful foes I will disperse, and them before his face destroy.
24 " My truth and grace shall him sustain; his armies, in well order'd ranks,
25 " Shall conquer from the Tyrian main, to Tygris and Euphrates' banks.
26 " Me for his father he shall take, his God and rock of safety call;
27 " Him I my first-born son will make, and earthly kings his subjects all.
28 " To him my mercy I'll secure, my cov'nant make for ever fast;
29 " His seed for ever shall endure, his throne, 'till Heav'n dissolves shall last.

The Second Part.

30 " But if his heirs my law forsake, and from my sacred precepts stray
31 " If they my righteous statutes break, nor strictly my commands obey;
32 " Their sins I'll visit with a rod, and for their folly make them smart.
33 " Yet will not cease to be their God, nor from my truth like them depart.
34 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, but in remembrance fast retain:
" The thing, that once my lips have spoke, shall in eternal force remain.
35 " Once have I sworn, but once for all, and made my holiness the tie,
" That I my grant will ne'er recall, nor to my servant David lie, [see;
36 " Whose throne and race the constant Sun shall, like his course, establish'd
37 " Of this my oath, thou conscious Moon, in Heav'n my faithful witness be."
38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord, but thou hast now our tribes forsook;
Thy own anointed hast abhorr'd, and turn'd on him thy wrathful look.

39 Thou seemest to have render'd void the cov'nant with thy servant made,
Thou hast his dignity destroy'd, and in the dust his honour laid.
40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft, and brought his bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier coast defenceless left, a publick scorn and common prey.

42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield to foes advanc'd by thee to might: [flight.
43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd, his valour turn'd to shameful
44 His glory is to darkness fled, his throne is levell'd with the ground [drown'd.
45 His youth to wretched bondage led, with shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow

46 How long shall we thy absence mourn? wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy consuming anger burn, till that and we at once expire?
47 Consider, Lord, how short a space thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race, but loading it with grief and pain?

48 What man is he that can control death's strict unalterable doom?
Or rescue from the grave his soul, the grave that must mankind entomb? [seal,
49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace, the oath to which thy truth did
Consign'd to David and his race, the grant which time shou'd ne'er repeal?

50 See how thy servants treated are with infamy, reproach, and spite;
Which in my silent breast I bear from nations of licentious might. [ject.
51 How they, reproaching thy great name, have made thy servant's hope their
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim, and ever sing, the Lord be blest.
Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

O LORD, the saviour and defence of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been our sure abiding place. [frame,
2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth, or th' earth and world didst
Thou always wert the mighty God, and ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust, of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the word, return, 'tis instantly obey'd.
4 For in thy sight a thousand years are like a day that's past;
Or like a watch in dead of night, whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off, as with a flood, we vanish hence like dreams;
At first we grow like grass, that feels the sun's reviving beams.
6 But howsoever fresh and fair its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite, before the ev'ning close.

7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd, and by thy wrath dismay'd:
Our publick crimes, and secret sins, before thy sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off, like tales that quickly end.

10 Our

10 Our term of time is seventy years, an age that few survive;
But if, with more than common strength, to eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boasted strength decays, to sorrow turn'd and pain!
So soon the slender thread is cut, and we no more remain.

The Second Part.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise, as more or less we fear.
12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts may ever be inclin'd.

13 O to thy servants, Lord, return, and speedily relent!
As we of our misdeeds, do thou of our just doom repent.
14 To satisfy and cheer our souls thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come in joy and comfort spend.

15 Let happy times with large amends dry up our former tears;
Or equal at the least the term of our afflicted years.
16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn thy glorious pow'r be shown.

17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine, give thou our work success;
The glorious work we have in hand do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM XCI.

HE, that has God his guardian made, shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my soul of him I'll say he is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

3 His tender love and watchful care shall free thee from the fowler's snare.
And from the noisome pestilence:
4 He over thee his wings shall spread, and cover thy unguarded head:
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

5 No terrors, that surprise by night, shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day;
6 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills in darkness, nor infectious ills,
That in the hottest season slay.

7 A thousand at thy side shall die, at thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains:
8 Thou only shalt look on and see the wicked's sad catastrophe,
And count the sinners mournful gains.

9 Because (with well-plac'd confidence) thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the highest dost rely:
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall, nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy days, to keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands: [thy feet,
12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet with some rough stone to wound
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

13 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood, and lions roaring for their food,
Beneath his conq'ring feet shall lie;
14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me, therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.

15 He'll call; I'll answer when he calls, and rescue him when ill befalls:
Increase his honour and his wealth:
16 And when, with undisturb'd content his long and happy life is spent,
His end I'll crown with saving health.

PSALM XCII.

HOW good and pleasant must it be to thank the Lord most high!
And with repeated hymns of praise his name to magnify.
2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn his goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth each night the glad effects repeat.

3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing, with tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds, for sacred use design'd.
4 For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord, thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad, and shout with cheerful voice.

5, 6 How

PSALM XCIII, XCIV.

8, 6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord! how deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid, no stupid sinners sees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked men, like grass, looks fresh and gay,
How soon their short-liv'd splendor must for ever pass away.

8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high and all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin, shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.
10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign pow'r, and mak'st it largely spread;
And with refreshing oil anoint'st my consecrated head.

11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes to utter ruin brought;
And hear the dismal end of those who have against me fought.
12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms, shall make a glorious show;
As cedars that in Lebanon in stately order grow.

13, 14 These, planted in the house of God, within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigour and their lustre both shall in old age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his justice shew, and God, my strong defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world impartially dispense.

PSALM XCIII.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd, the Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid, and the vast fabrick still sustains.
2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne! which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone, art God from all eternity.

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice, and toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise, and make the angry sea comply.
5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure, and they, that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure, must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2, O God, to whom revenge belongs, thy vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou judge of all the earth, and crush thy haughty foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men their solemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boast, and insolently speak?

5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress, but unprovok'd they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood, and helpless orphans kill.
7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive, (profanely thus they speak)
"Nor any notice of our deeds the God of Jacob take."

8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants endeavour to discern;
In folly will you still proceed, and wisdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear, or blind who fram'd the eye?
Shall earth's great judge not punish those, who his own will defy?

11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men, to him their hearts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees how vain their counsels are.

The Second Part.

12 Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord, in kindness dost chastise;
And by thy sacred rules to walk dost lovingly advise.
13 This man shall rest and safety find in seasons of distress:
Whilst God prepares a pit for those, that stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his saints his favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot he will not quite forsake.
15 The world shall then confess thee just, in all that thou hast done;
And those that chuse thy upright ways, shall in those paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my behalf, when wicked men invade?
Or who, when sinners would oppress my righteous cause shall plead;
17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept, but that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slept; when sad, my troubled heart to cheer.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just, their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence their wicked ends to gain?
21 Against the lives of righteous men they form their close design;
And blood of innocents to spill, in solemn league combine.

22 But my defence is firmly plac'd in God the Lord most high;
He is my rock, to which I may for refuge always fly.
23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs on their own heads to fall;
He in their sins shall cut them off; our God shall slay them all.

PSALM

PSALM XCV, XCVI, XCVII.

PSALM XCV.

O Come, loud anthems let us sing, loud thanks to our Almighty king,
For we our voices high should raise, when our salvation's rock we praise.
2 Into his presence let us haste to thank him for his favours past:
To him address in joyful songs, the praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state, is, with unrivalled glory great;
A king superior far to all, whom by his title, God we call.
4 The depths of earth are in his hand, her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss by the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty hand, that form'd and fix'd the solid land.
6 O let us to his courts repair, and bow with adoration there
Down on our knees devoutly all before the Lord our maker fall.

7 For he's our God, our shepherd he, his flock and pasture sheep are we;
If then you'll (like his flock) draw near, to-day if you his voice will hear;
8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew your fathers' crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they in desert plains of Meribah!

9 When thro' the wilderness they mov'd, and me with fresh temptations prov'd;
They still, thro' unbelief, rebell'd, while they my wond'rous work beheld.
10, 11 They forty years my patience griev'd, tho, daily I their wants reliev'd,
Then---' Tis a faithless race, I said, whose heart from me has always stray'd.
12 They never will tread my righteous path; therefore to them in settled wrath,
Since they despis'd my rest, I sware, that they shall never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

SING to the Lord a new-made song, let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name, from day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd.
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse, his wonders to the universe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd; in majesty and glory rais'd
Above all other deities:
5 For pageantry and idols all are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
He only rules who made the skies.
6 With majesty and honour crown'd, beauty and strength his throne surround.
7 Be therefore both to him reston'd, by you, who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due honour to his name:
8 Peace off'rings on his altar lay, before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim.
9 To worship at his sacred court let all the trembling world resort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns, whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore.
11 Let therefore Heav'n new joys confess, and heav'nly mirth let earth express,
It's loud applause the ocean roar:
It's mute inhabitants rejoice, and for this triumph find a voice.
12 For joy let fertile vallies sing, the cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate; who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit thro' the earth to take:
From Heav'n to judge the world he's come, with justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the earth in his just government rejoice:
Let all the isles with sacred mirth in his applause unite their voice,
2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade his dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made, and fix'd by his pavilion wait.

3 Devouring fire before his face his foes around with vengeance struck;
4 His lightning let the world on blaze, Earth saw it, and with terror shook.
The proudest hills his presence felt, their height nor strength could help afford,
The proudest hills like wax did melt in presence of th' Almighty Lord.

5 The Heav'ns, his righteousness to show, with storms of fire our foes pursu'd;
And all the trembling world below have his descending glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious host, who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boast, to him, the Gods, your worship pay.

8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard, and Judah's daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord, have Pagan pride and pow'r destroy'd;
9 For thou, O God, art seated high, above earth's Potentates enthron'd,
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd on the sky, supreme by all the Gods art own'd.

C 10 You

10 You, who to serve this Lord aspire, abhor what's ill, and truth esteem:
He'll keep his servant's souls entire, and them from wicked hands redeem
11 For seeds are sown of glorious light, a future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right, to recompence his pious trust.

12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord: memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record, and with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new-made song, who wond'rous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm the conquest he has won.
2 The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear in all the heathens sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power of Israel's God have seen.
4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy, resound their maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymns soft melody into the consort bring,
6 The trumpet and shrill cornets sound, before th' Almighty King.
7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy, with all that seas contain;
The earth and her inhabitants join consort with the main.

8 With joy let rivlets swell to streams, to spreading torrents they;
And echoing vales from hill to hill redoubled shouts convey;
9 To welcome down the world's great judge, who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all the guilty nations quake;
On Cherubs' wings he sits enthron'd: let earth's foundation shake.
2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court, his palace makes her tow'rs;
Yet thence his sov'reignty extends supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.

3 Let therefore all with praise address his great and dreadful name;
And with his unresisted might his holiness proclaim.
4 For truth and justice, in his reign, of strength and pow'r take place;
His judgments are with righteousness dispens'd to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God, before his footstool fall;
And with his unresisted might his holiness extol.

6 Moses and Aaron thus of old amongst his priests ador'd;
Amongst his prophets Samuel thus his sacred name implor'd.
Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd, who ne'er their suit deny'd;
But, as with rev'rence they implor'd, he graciously reply'd.

7 For with their camp, to guide their march, the cloudy pillar mov'd:
They kept his laws, and to his will obedient servants prov'd.
8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft his people for their sake;
And those, who rashly them oppos'd, did sad examples make.

9 With worship at his sacred courts exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is, alone should be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, 2 WITH one consent let all the earth to God their cheerful voices raise,
Glad homage pay with awful mirth, and sing before him songs of praise;
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone, from whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own, the flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

4 O enter then his temple gate, thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat, and still his name with praises bless.
5 For he's the Lord, supremely good, his mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood, to endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

OF mercy's never-failing spring, and steadfast judgment I will sing;
And, since they both to thee belong, to thee, O Lord, address my song.
2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside, wise discipline my reign shall guide:
With blameless life myself I'll make a pattern for my court to take.

3 No ill design will I pursue, nor those my fav'rites make that do.
4 Who to reproof bears no regard, him I will totally discard.
5 The private slanderer shall be in publick justice doom'd by me:
From haughty looks I'll turn aside, and mortify the heart of pride;

6 But honefty, call'd from her cell, in ſplendor at my court ſhall dwell;
Who virtue's practice make their care, ſhall have the firſt preferments there.
7 No politicks ſhall recommend his country's foe to be my friend;
None e'er ſhall to my favour riſe by flatt'ring or malicious lies.
8 All thoſe, who wicked courſes take, an early ſacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain God's holy city to prophane.

PSALM CII.

WHEN I pour out my ſoul in pray'r, do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace let my ſad cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious face in times of deep diſtreſs,
Incline thine ear, and when I call my ſorrows ſoon redreſs.
3 Each cloudy portion of my life like ſcatter'd ſmoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd bones are like a hearth, that's parcht with conſtant fires.
4 My heart, like graſs that feels the blaſt of ſome infectious wind,
Does languiſh ſo with grief, that ſcarce my needful food I mind.
5 By reaſon of my ſad eſtate I ſpend my breath in groans;
My fleſh is worn away, my ſkin ſcarce hides my ſtarting bones.
6 I'm like a pelican become, that does in deſerts mourn;
Or like an owl, that ſits all day on barren trees forlorn.
7 In watchings, or in reſtleſs dreams, the night by me is ſpent;
As by thoſe ſolitary birds that lonesome roofs frequent.
8 All day by railing foes I'm made the ſubject of their ſcorn?
Who all, poſſeſs'd with furious rage, have my deſtruction ſworn.
9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie, oppreſt with grief and fears,
My bread is ſtrew'd with aſhes o'er, my drink is mixt with tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double weight thy heavy wrath does lie;
For thou, to make my fall more great, didſt lift me up on high.
11 My days, juſt haſt'ning to their end, are like an ev'ning ſhade:
My beauty does, like wither'd graſs, with waning luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal ſtate, O Lord, no length of time ſhall waſte;
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works from age to age ſhall laſt.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view with an unclouded face;
For now her time is come, thy own appointed day of grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd ruins, by thy ſaints with pity has ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty ſpires in duſt and rubbiſh laid.
15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord all heathen kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall Sion build again, and in full ſtate appear.
17, 18 When he regards the pour'ſt requeſt, nor ſlights their earneſt pray'r;
Our ſons, for this recorded grace, ſhall his juſt praiſe declare.
19 For God, from his abode on high, his gracious beams diſplay'd;
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty throne, has all the earth ſurvey'd.
20 He liſten'd to the captives moans, he heard their mournful cry,
And freed by his reſiſtleſs pow'r the wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they in Sion, where he dwells, might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city ſing loud praiſes to his name.
22 When all the tribes aſſembling there their ſolemn vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring lands, with glad conſent, the Lord their God confeſs.
23 But e'er my race is run, my ſtrength thro' his fierce wrath decays;
He has, when all my wiſhes bloom'd, cut ſhort my hopeful days.
24 Lord, end not thou my life, ſaid I, when half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy years, from worldly changes free, to endleſs ages laſt.
25 The ſtrong foundations of the earth of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of Heav'n with wond'rous ſkill have made.
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure, they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a garment often worn, ſhall tarniſh and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their change, to thy command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame, nor have thy years an end.
28 Thou to the children of thy ſaints ſhalt laſting quiet give,
Whoſe happy race, ſecurely fix't, ſhall in thy preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY ſoul, inſpir'd with ſacred love, God's holy name for ever bleſs;
Of all his favours mindful prove, and fill thy grateful thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy ſins forgives, and after ſickneſs makes thee ſound;
From dangers he thy life retrieves, by him with grace and mercy crown'd.

5,6 He with good things thy mouth supplies, thy vigour, eagle-like, renews;
He, when the guiltless suff'rer cries, his foe with just revenge pursues.
7 God made of old his righteous ways to Moses and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praise, were to the sons of Jacob shown.

8 The Lord abounds with tender love, and unexampled acts of grace:
His waken'd wrath does slowly move, his willing mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harshly chide, but with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide more by his love than our desert.

11 As high as Heav'n its arch extends above this little spot of clay;
So much his boundless love transcends the small respects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west, so far has he our sins remov'd;
Who with a father's tender breast has such as fear him always lov'd.

14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys, considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days like grass or flow'rs must fade away.
16, 17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts, nor can we find their former place;
God's faithful mercy ever lasts to those that fear him, and their race.

18 This shall attend on such as still proceed in his appointed way;
And who not only know his will, but to his just obedience pay.

19, 20 The Lord, the universal king, in Heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne:
To him, ye Angels, praises sing, in whose great strength his pow'r is shown.
Ye that his just commands obey, and hear and do his sacred will,
21 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay, who still what he ordains fulfil.

22 Let every creature jointly bless the mighty Lord; and thou my heart
With grateful joy thy thanks express, and in this consort bear thy part.

PSALM CIV.

BLESS God, my soul; thou, Lord, alone possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne eternal majesty surrounds.
2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe, and glory for a garment take:
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe, thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms his palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms the swift wing'd steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as flame as swift as wind, his ministers Heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd; all proud to serve their sov'reign's will.

5, 6 Earth on her centre fix'd he set, her face with waters over spread;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet, to lift above the waves their head.
7 But when thy awful face appear'd, th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard, and by their haste confess'd their dread.

8 Thence up by secret tracts they creep, and, gushing from the mountain's side,
Thro' valleys travel to the deep, appointed to receive their tide.
9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds, the threat'ning surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass the mounds, nor to a second deluge swell.

The Second Part.

10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn, the sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs from ev'ry lawn surprise the vales with plenteous rills.
11 The fields tame beasts are thither led, weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses, on wild mountains bred, have sense to find these currents out.

12 There shady trees from scorching beams yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams return the tribute of their song.
13 His rains from Heav'n parch'd hills recruit, that soon transmit the liquid store;
Till earth is burden'd with her fruit and nature's lap can hold no more.

14 Grass for our cattle to devour, he makes the growth of ev'ry field;
Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r, that either food or physick yield.
15 With clust'r'd grapes he crowns the vine, to cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares
Gives oil that makes his face to shine, and corn that wasted strength repairs.

The Third Part.

16 The trees of God, without the care or art of man, with sap are fed:
The mountain cedar looks as fair as those in royal gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms the wand'rers of the air may rest:
The hospital pine from harms protects the stork, her pious guest.

18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend, its tow'ring heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend. where fearful creatures refuge take.
19 The Moon's inconstant aspect shows th' appointed seasons of the year:
Th' instructed Sun his duty knows. his hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21 Darkness

20,21 Darkneſs he makes the earth to ſhroud, when foreſt-beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud to providence, that ſends them prey.
22 They rance all night, on ſlaughter bent, 'till ſummon'd by the riſing morn,
To ſculk in dens, with one conſent, the conſcious ravagers return.
23 Forth to the tillage of his ſoil the huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his toil, with him returns to his repoſe.
24 How various, lord, thy works are found, for which thy wiſdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treaſure crown'd, 'till nature's hand can graſp no more.

The Fourth Part.

25 But ſtill the vaſt unfathom'd main of wonders a new ſcene ſupplies,
Whoſe depths inhabitants contain of ev'ry form and ev'ry ſize.
26 Full-freighted ſhips from ev'ry port there cut their unmoleſted way;
Leviathan, whom their to ſport thou mad'ſt, has compaſs there to play
27 Theſe various troops of ſea and land in ſenſe of common want agree,
All wait on thy diſpenſing hand, and have their daily alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy ſtores diſperſe, without their trouble to provide:
Thou op'ſt thy hand, the univerſe, the craving world is all ſupply'd.
29 Thou for a moment hid'ſt thy face, the num'rous ranks of creatures mourn,
Thou tak'ſt their breath, all nature's race forthwith to mother earth return.
30 Again thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit forth t'inſpire the maſs with vital ſeed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and parent-earth ſmiles on her new-created breed.
31 Thus thro' ſucceſſive ages ſtands, firm fixt, thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands, thou doſt the waſtes of time repair.
32 One look of thine, one wrathful look, earth's panting breaſt with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of ſmoke, in darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt hills
33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs my breath, I will that breath employ;
And join devotion to my ſongs, ſincere, as is in him my joy.
34 While ſinners from the earth are hurl'd, my ſoul, praiſe thou his holy name,
'Till with my long the lift'ning world join conſort, and his praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

O Render thanks, and bleſs the Lord; invoke his ſacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds, his matchleſs deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his praiſe in lofty hymns, his wond'rous works rehearſe;
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe, and ſubject of your verſe.
3 Rejoice in his Almighty name, alone to be ador'd:
And let their heart o'erflow with joy, that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving ſtrength devoutly ſtill implore:
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek his face for evermore.
5 The wonders that his hands have wrought keep thankfully in mind;
The righteous ſtatutes of his mouth, and laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye his ſervant Abr'am's ſeed, and Jacob's choſen race,
7 He's ſtill our God, his judgements ſtill throughout the earth take place.
8 His cov'nant he has kept in mind for num'rous ages paſt;
Which yet for thouſand ages more in equal force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd by Abr'am, next by oath to Iſaac made ſecure;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law for ever to endure.
11 That Canaan's land ſhould be their lot, when yet but few they were:
12 But few in number, and thoſe few all friendleſs ſtrangers there.
13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm, ſecurely they remov'd;
14 While proudeſt monarchs for their ſakes, ſeverely he reprov'd.
15 "Theſe mine anointed are, ſaid he, let none my ſervants wrong;
"Nor treat the pooreſt prophet ill", that does to me belong."
16 A dearth at laſt, by his command, did throughout the land prevail;
'Till corn, the chief ſupport of life, ſuſtaining corn did fail.
17 But his indulgent providence had plous Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death who ſold him to prevent.
18 His feet with heavy chains were cruſh'd, with calumny his fame;
19 'Till God's appointed time and word to his deliverance came.
20 The king his ſov'reign order ſent, and reſtor'd him with ſpeed;
Whom private malice had condan'd, the people's ruler freed.
21 His court, revenues, realm were all ſubjected to his will:
22 His greateſt princes to control and teach his ſtateſmen ſkill.

PSALM CVI.

The Second Part.

23 To Egypt then, invited guests,
And Jacob held by royal grant
24 Th' Almighty there with such increase
Till with their proud oppressors they
25 Their vast increase th' Egyptians hearts
Till they his servants to destroy
26 He sent Moses them he sent,
27 Empower'd with signs and miracles
28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came,
29 Each stream and lake, transform'd to blood,
30 In putrid floods, throughout the land,
From noisome fens set up to croak
31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies
Whilst earth's only red dust below
32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain,
33 He smote their vines and forest plants,
34 He spake the word and locusts came,
They prey'd upon the poor remains
35 From trees to herbage they descend;
But, like the naked fallow-field,
36 From fields to villages and towns
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes
37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd
And, what transcends all treasure else,

38 Egypt rejoic'd in hopes to find
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills,
39 Their shrouding canopy by day,
A fiery pillar all the night

40 They long'd for flesh, with rev'nine quails he furnish'd ev'ry tent;
From Heav'n's own granary each morn,
41 He smote the rock whose flinty breast
Whose flowing streams, where e'er they march'd,

42 For still he did on Abram's faith
43 He brought his people forth with joy
44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
To them in cheap possession gave

45 That they his statutes might observe,
For benefit so vast let us

half-famish'd Israel came;
the fertile soil of Ham.
his people multiply'd;
in strength and number vied.
with jealous anger fir'd,
by treach'rous arts conspir'd.
his chosen Aaron too:
to prove their mission true.
nature his summons knew:
the pest of frogs was bred;
at Pharaoh's board and bed.
came down in cloudy hosts;
bred lice thro' all their coasts.
and fire for cooling dew;
and garden's pride o'erthrew.
with caterpillar's join'd;
the storm had left behind.
no verdant thing they spare;
leave all the pastures bare.
commission'd vengeance flew;
and strength of Egypt slew.
with Egypt's borrow'd wealth;
enrich'd with vig'rous health.

her plagues with them remov'd;
by those already prov'd.
a journeying cloud was spread;
their desart marches led.

the bread of Angels sent.
pour'd forth a gushing tide,
Whose flowing streams, where e'er they march'd, the desart's drought supply'd.

an ancient league reflect,
with triumph his elect
from Canaan's fertile soil,
the fruit of others toil.

his sacred laws obey:
our songs of praise repay.

PSALM CVI.

O Render thanks to God above,
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
What mortal eloquence can raise

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who know what's right, not only so,
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
When thou return'st to set them free,

5 O may I worthy prove to see
That I the joyful choir may join,
6 But ah! can we expect such grace,
Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,

7 In grateful they no longer thought
The Red-sea they no sooner view'd
8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,
To make his sov'reign pow'r be known,

9 To right and left at his command,
Where firm and dry the passage lay,
10 Thus reseu'd from their foes they were,
11 Whose rage pursu'd them to those waves,

12 The wat'ry mountains sudden fall o'erwhelm'd proud Pharoah, host and all;
This proof did stupid Israel move

the fountain of eternal love;
has flood and shall for ever last.
not only vast but numberless?
his tribute of immortal praise?

who from thy judgments never stray,
but always practise what they know.
thou to thy chosen dost afford;
let thy salvation visit me.

thy saints in full prosperity!
and count thy people's triumph mine.
of parents vile the viler race:
with new crimes increas'd the score!

on all his works in Egypt wrought;
but they their late distrust renew'd.
once more to their deliv'rance came,
that he is God, and he alone.

the parting deep disclos'd her sand;
as thro' some parch'd and desert way.
who closely press'd upon their rear;
that prov'd the rash pursue shave.

to own God's truth, and praise his love.

The

The Second Part.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot, and for his counsel waited not;
14 But, lusting in the wilderness, did him with fresh temptations pose.
15 Strong food at their request he sent, but made their sin their punishment;
16 Yet still his saints they did oppose, the priest and prophet whom he chose.

17 But Earth, the quarrel to decide, her vengeful jaws extended wide,
Rash Dathan to her centre drew, with proud Abiram's factious crew.
18 The rest of those, who did conspire to kindle wild sedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became a prey to Heav'n's devouring flame.

19 Near Horeb's mount a calf they made, and to the molten image pray'd;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame, they chang'd their glory to their shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot, and all his works in Egypt wrought; [lost.
22 His signs in Ham's astonish'd coast, and where proud Pharaoh's troops were

23 Thus ang'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd, but Moses in the breach appear'd;
The saints did for the rebels pray, and turn'd Heav'n's kindled wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd, nor his repeated promise priz'd:
25 Nor did th' Almighty voice obey, but when God said, go up, would stay.
26, 27 This seal'd their doom, without redress to perish in the wilderness;
Or else to be by Heathen's hands o'erthrown and scatter'd thro' the lands.

The Third Part.

28 Yet unreclaim'd, this stubborn race Baal-Peor's worship did embrace;
Became his impious guests, and fed on sacrifices to the dead.
29 Thus they pers'isted to provoke God's vengeance to the final stroke.
'Tis come;---the deadly pest is come to execute their gen'ral doom.

30 But Phinees, fir'd with holy rage, (th' Almighty's vengeance to assuage)
Did, by two bold offenders fall, th' atonement make that ransom'd all.
31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd, so Heav'n the zealous act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his race, the priesthood he so well did grace.

32 At Meribah God's wrath they mov'd, who Moses for their sakes reprov'd,
33 Whose patient soul they did provoke, till rash'ly the meek prophet spoke;
34 Nor, when possess'd of Canaan's land, did they perform their Lord's command,
Nor his commission'd sword employ, the guilty nations to destroy.

35 Nor only spar'd the Pagan crew, but, mingling, learnt their vices too;
36 And worship to those idols paid, which them to fatal snares betray'd.

37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice their children with relentless eyes,
Approach their altars thro' a flood of their own sons and daughters blood.
No cheaper victims would appease Canaan's remorseless deities;
No blood her idols reconcile, but that which did the land defile.

The Fourth Part.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties the harden'd reprobates suffice;
For after their heart's lust they went, and daily did new crimes invent.
40 But sins of such infernal hue God's wrath against his people drew;
Till he, their once indulgent Lord, his own inheritance abhor'd.

41 He them defenceless did expose to their insulting heathen foes;
And made them on the triumph wait of those, who bore them greatest hate.
42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd, their lill of tyrants he increas'd.
Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd, were made the vassals of mankind.

43 Yet, when distress'd, they did repent, his anger did as oft relent;
But freed, they did his wrath provoke, renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd, nor hear'd their wretched cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his promise bring, and mercy's inexhausted spring.

46 Compassion too he did impart e'en to their foes obdurate heart,
And pity for their suff'rings bred in those, who them to bondage led.
47 Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise, and ever triumph in thy praise.

48 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd, his name eternally confess'd:
Let all his saints with full accord sing loud Amens---Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII.

TO God your grateful voices raise, who does your daily patron prove;
And let your never ceasing praise attend on his eternal love.
2, 3 Let those give thanks, whom he from bands of proud oppressing foes releas'd;
And brought them back from distant lands, from north and south, and west and

4, 5 Thro' lonely desert ways they went, nor could a peopled city find;
Till, quite with thirst and hunger spent, their fainting souls within them pin'd.
6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear, and freed them from their deep distress.
7 From crooked paths he led them forth, and in the certain way did guide
To wealthy towns of great resort, where all their wants were well supply'd.
8 O then, that all the earth with me would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
9 For he from Heav'n the sad estate of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls that pant for meat, his goodness daily food renews.

The Second Part.

10 Some lie, with darkness compass'd round, in death's uncomfortable shade;
And, with unwieldy fetters bound, by pressing cares more heavy made:
11, 12 Because God's counsels they defy'd, and lightly priz'd his holy word,
With these afflictions they were try'd; they fell, and none could help afford.
13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear did they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear and freed them from their deep distress.
14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night, and shades as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light, and welcome liberty bestow'd.
15 O then, that all the earth with me would God for this his goodness praise,
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
16 For he, with his Almighty hand, the gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand, or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

The Third Part.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense, with bold transgressions God defy;
And, for their multiplied offence oppress with sore distresses lie:
18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear, abhors to take the choicest meats,
And they by faint degrees draw near to death's inhospitable gates.
19 Then strait to God's indulgent ear, do they their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep distress.
20 He all their sad distempers heals, his word both health and safety gives;
And, when all human succour fails, from near destruction them retrieves.
21 O then, that all the earth, with me, would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays!
22 With offrings let his altar flame, whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name for all his acts of wonder bless.

The Fourth Part.

23, 24 They that in ships, with courage bold, o'er swelling waves their trade pur-
Do God's amazing works behold, and in the deep his wonders view. [sue,
25 No sooner his command is past, but forth a dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste, and makes the stormy billows rise.
26 Sometimes the ships, toss'd up to Heav'n, on tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driv'n, whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
27 They reel and stagger to and fro, like men with fumes of wine oppress;
Nor do the skilful seamen know which way to steer what course is best.
28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear they do their mournful cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear, and frees them from their deep distress.
29, 30 He does the raging storm appease, and makes the billows calm and still:
With joy they see their fury cease, and their intended course fulfil.
31 O then, that all the earth, with me, would God for this his goodness praise!
And for the mighty works which he throughout the wond'ring world displays.
32 Let them, where all the tribes resort, advance to Heav'n his glorious name,
And, in the elders sov'reign court, with one consent his praise proclaim.

The Fifth Part.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where streams abound, God's just revenge, if people sin;
Will turn to dry and barren ground, to punish those that dwell therein. [wells.
35, 36 The parch'd and desert heath he makes to flow with streams and springing
Which for his lot the hungry takes, and in strong cities safely dwells.
37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants, which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants, his fruitful seed or stock decay.
39 But when his sins Heav'n's wrath provoke, his health and substance fade away;
He feels th' oppressors galling yoke, and is of grief the wretched prey. [throne;
40 The prince, that slights what God commands, expos'd to scorn, must quit his
And over wild and desert lands, where no path offers, stray alone.

41 Whilst

41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting cares, ſets up the humble man on high;
And makes in time his num'rous heirs with his increaſing flock to vie;
42,43 Then ſinners ſhall have nought to ſay, the juſt a decent joy ſhall ſhow;
The wiſe theſe ſtrange events ſhall weigh, and thence God's goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

O God my heart is fully bent to magnify thy name;
My tongue with chearful ſongs of praiſe ſhall celebrate thy fame.
2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp, thy warbling notes delay;
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the liſt'ning tribes, O Lord, thy wonders I will tell;
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe, that round about us dwell:
4 Becauſe thy mercy's boundleſs height the higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring clouds thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high above the ſtarry frame;
And let the world, with one conſent, confeſs thy glorious name.
6 That all thy choſen people thee their Saviour may declare,
Let thy right hand protect me ſtill, and anſwer thou my pray'r.

7 Since God himſelf has ſaid the word, whoſe promiſe cannot fail,
With joy I Sichem ſhall divide, and meaſure Succoth's vale:
8 Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh too; and Ephraim owns my cauſe;
Their ſtrength my regal pow'r ſupports, and Judah gives my laws.

9 Moab I'll make my ſervile drudge, on vanquiſh'd Edom tread;
And thro' the proud Philiſtine lands my conqu'ring banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe ſupport and aid ſhall I their well-fenc'd city gain?
Who will my troops ſecurely lead thro' Edom's guarded plain?

11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our arms, which late thou didſt forſake;
And wilt not thou of theſe our hoſts once more the guidance take;
12 O to thy ſervants in diſtreſs thy ſpeedy ſuccour ſend;
For vain it is on human aid for ſafety to depend.

13 Then valiant acts ſhall we perform if thou thy pow'r diſcloſe:
For God it is, and God alone, that treads down all our foes.

PSALM CIX.

O GOD, whoſe former mercies make my conſtant praiſe thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my ſad ſtate with wonted favour view.
2 For ſinful men, with lying lips, deceitful ſpeeches frame,
And with their ſtudy'd ſlanders ſeek to wound my ſpotleſs fame:

3 Their reſtleſs hatred prompts them ſtill malicious lies to ſpread;
And all againſt my life combine, by cauſeleſs fury led.
4 Thoſe, whom with tend'reſt love I us'd, my chief oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other friends bereft, reſort to thee by pray'r.

5 Since miſchief, for the good I did, their ſtrange reward doth prove
And hatred's the return they make for undiſſembled love:
6 Their guilty leader ſhall be made to ſome ill man a ſlave;
And, when he's try'd, his mortal foe for his accuſer have.

7 His guilt, when ſentence is pronounc'd, ſhall meet a dreadful fate;
Whilſt his rejected pray'r but ſerves his crimes to aggravate.
8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely fate, ſhan't live out half his days;
Another by divine decree ſhall on his office ſeize.

9, 10 His ſeed ſhall orphans be, his wife a widow plung'd in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread, where none can give relief.
11 His ill-got riches ſhall be made to uſurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil ſhall be by ſtrangers borne away.

12 None ſhall be found, that to his wants their mercy will extend.
Or to his helpleſs orphan ſeed the leaſt aſſiſtance lend.
13 A ſwift deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize on his unhappy race;
And the next age his hated name ſhall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's ſins upon his head ſhall fall:
God on his mother's crimes ſhall think, and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe, in horrid order rank'd, before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off their memory from the land.

The Second Part.

16 Becauſe he never mercy ſhow'd, but ſtill the poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs man, with heavy woe diſtreſs'd.
17 Therefore the curſe he lov'd to vent ſhall his own portion prove:
And bleſſing, which he ſtill abhor'd, ſhall far from him remove.

18 Since he in curſing took ſuch pride, like water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his veins, and ſtick like oil, with which his bones are fed.
19 This, like a poiſon'd robe, ſhall ſtill his conſtant cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd belt, from which he ſhall be never free.

20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe, that ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe reports againſt my life combine.
21 But for thy glorious name, O God, do thou deliver me:
And, for thy gracious mercy's ſake, preſerve and ſet me free.

22 For I, to utmoſt ſtraits reduc'd, am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with diſtreſs, and quite pierc'd through with grief.
23 I, like an ev'ning ſhade, decline, which vaniſhes apace;
Like locuſts, up and down I'm toſt, and have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with faſting are grown weak, my body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their heads, and treat me with diſdain.
26, 27 But for thy mercy's ſake, O Lord, do thou my foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own act, the work of thy right hand.

28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs: let ſhame the portion be
Of all that my deſtruction ſeek, while I rejoice in thee.
29 My foe ſhall with diſgrace be cloath'd, and, ſpite of all his pride,
His own confuſion, like a cloak, the guilty wretch ſhall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks, my cheerful voice will raiſe;
And, where the great aſſembly meets, ſet forth his noble praiſe.
31 For him the poor ſhall always find their ſure and conſtant friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous dooms their guiltleſs ſouls defend.

PSALM CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake, "till I thy foes thy foot ſtool make,
Sit thou, in ſtate, at my right hand;
2 "Supreme in Sion thou ſhalt be, and all thy proud oppoſers ſee
"Subjected to thy juſt command.
3 "Thee in thy pow'rs triumphant day, the willing nations ſhall obey,
"And, when thy riſing beams they view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from error's night) appear as numberleſs and bright
"As cryſtal drops of morning dew."
4 The Lord has ſworn, nor ſworn in vain, that, like Melchiſedech's, thy reign
And prieſthood ſhall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to ſit at thy right hand will he permit:
But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
6 The ſentenc'd Heathen he ſhall ſlay, and fill with carcaſſes his way,
Till he has ſtruck earth's tyrants dead;
7 But in the highway brooks ſhall firſt, like a poor Pilgrim, ſtack his thirſt,
And then in triumph raiſe his head.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praiſe my ſoul her utmoſt pow'rs ſhall raiſe,
With private friends, and in the throng of ſaints his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.
2 His works for greatneſs tho' renown'd, his wond'rous works with eaſe are found
By thoſe, who ſeek for them aright, and in the pious ſearch delight.

3 His works are all of matchleſs fame, and univerſal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages paſt, ſhall to eternal ages laſt.
4 By precepts he has us enjoin'd to keep his wond'rous works in mind,
And to poſterity record, that good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide, has all his ſervants wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind his cov'nant with our fathers ſign'd.
6 At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd, they ſaw his matchleſs pow'r employ'd:
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd, and we their heritage poſſeſs'd.

7 Juſt are the dealings of his hands, immutable are his commands;
8 By truth and equity ſuſtain'd, and for eternal rules ordain'd.
9 He ſets his ſaints from bondage free, and then eſtabliſh'd his decree,
For ever to remain the ſame; holy and rev'rend is his name.

10 Who wiſdom's ſacred prize would win, muſt with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praiſe and heav'nly ſkill have they, who know and do his will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

THAT man is bleſt, who ſtands in awe of God, and loves his ſacred law;
2 His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd, and with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.
3 His houſe, the ſeat of wealth, ſhall be an inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay, ſhall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

4 The

4 The soul, that's fill'd with virtue's light shines brightest in Affliction's night
To pity the distress'd inclin'd, as well as just to all mankind.
5 His liberal favours he extends, to some he gives to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs, he saves by prudence in affairs.
6 Befet with threat'ning dangers round, unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.
7 Ill tidings never can surprise his heart, that fix'd on God relies:
8 On Safety's rock he sits, and sees the shipwreck of his enemies.
9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd, his glory's future harvest sow'd;
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown, a temp'ral and eternal crown.
10 The Wicked shall his triumph see, and gnash their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay, and vanish, with themselves, away.

PSALM CXIII.

YE saints and servants of the Lord, the triumphs of his name record;
2 His sacred name for ever bless.
3 Where'er the circling sun displays his rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
4 God thro' the world extends his sway, the regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
5 With him, whose majesty excels, who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.
6 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view in highest Heav'n what angels do.
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care.
He takes the needy from his cell, advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.
7 When childless families despair, he sends the blessings of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
Makes her that barren was to bear, and joyfully her fruit to rear;
O then extol his matchless fame.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel by the Almighty led (enrich'd with their oppressor's spoil)
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's seed from bondage in a foreign soil:
2 Jehovah, for his residence, chose out imperial Judah's tent;
His mansion royal, and from thence thro' Israel's camp his orders sent.
3 The distant sea with terror saw, and from the Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surpris'd with awe, retreated to their fountain's head.
4 The taller mountains skipp'd like rams, when danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skipp'd after them, like lambs affrighted by their leader's fear.
5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw, and naked leave your oozy bed?
Why, Jordan, against nature's law, recoil'st thou to thy fountain's head?
6 Why, mountains, did you skip like rams, when danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills like lambs, when they their leader's flight behold?
7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear thy Lord and maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near, 'tis time for Earth and Sea to flee;
8 To flee from God, who nature's law confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw, and thirsty vales with water fill.

PSALM CXV.

LORD, not to us, we claim no share, but to thy sacred name
Give glory for thy mercy's sake, and truth's eternal fame.
2 Why should the Heathen cry, Where's now the God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in Heav'n thou art, and uncontroul'd thy power:
4 Their gods but gold and silver are, the works of mortal hands;
5 With speechless mouth, and sightless eyes, the molten idol stands.
6 The pageant has both ears and nose, but neither hears nor smells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel, nor move, no life within it dwells.
8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we can nothing like them find,
But those who on their help rely, and them for Gods design'd.
9 O Israel, make the Lord your trust, who is your help and shield;
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone, who only help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord, on him they fear rely;
Who them in danger can defend, and all their wants supply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been, and Israel's house will bless,
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all who his great name confess.
14 On you, and on your heirs he will increase of blessings bring:
15 Thrice happy you, who favourites are of this Almighty king!

16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory, he his empire's seat design'd;
And gave this lower globe of earth a portion to mankind.
17 They who in death and silence sleep, to him no praise afford:
18 But we will bless for evermore our ever living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

MY soul with grateful thoughts of love intirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear the voice of my request.
2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd, I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life to him address my pray'r.

3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round, with pains of Hell oppress'd,
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart, and anguish rack'd my breast;
4 On God's Almighty name I call'd, and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul, with sorrows quite dismay'd."

5, 6 How just and merciful is God! how gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me does timely aid afford.
7 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul, resume thy wonted rest,
For God has wondrously to thee his bounteous love express.

8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd my dangers and my fears:
My feet from falling he secur'd, and dry'd my eyes from tears.
9 Therefore my life's remaining years, which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name, and in his service spend.

10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him in greatest straits did boast;
(For in my flight all hopes of aid from faithless men were lost.)
12, 13 Then what return to him shall I for all his goodness make?
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal the cup of blessing take.

14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongst his saints whose blood (howe'er dispis'd
By wicked men) in God's account is always highly priz'd.
16 By various ties, O Lord, must I to thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's son before, thy ransom'd captive now!

17, 18 To thee I'll offerings bring of praise; and, whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows to all thy saints proclaim.
19 They in Jerusalem shall meet, and in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent and mix their songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth to Heav'n their voices raise;
Let all inspir'd with godly mirth, sing solemn hymns of praise:
2 God's tender mercy knows no bound, his truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praise the Lord, for he is good, his mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last, let thankful Israel say.
3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love let Aaron's house express;
And, that it never fails, let all that fear the Lord confess.

5 To God I made my humble moan, with troubles quite oppress'd;
And he releas'd me from my straits, and granted my request.
6 Since therefore God does on my side so graciously appear,
Why should the vain attempts of men possess my soul with fear?

7 Since God with those that aid my cause vouchsafes my part to take,
To all my foes I need not doubt a just return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God, and have the Lord our friend,
Than on the greatest human pow'r for safety to depend.

10, 11 Tho' many nations, closely leagu'd, did oft beset me round;
Yet, by his boundless pow'r sustain'd, I did their strength confound.
12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage was but a short-liv'd blaze;
For whilst on God I still rely'd, I vanquish'd them with ease.

13 When all united press'd me hard, in hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part, and sav'd me from them all.
14 The honour of my strange escape to him alone belongs:
He is my Saviour and my strength, he only claims my songs.

15, 16

15 Joy fills the dwelling of the juſt,
For wond'rous things are brought to paſs
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs pow'r,
The ſaving ſtrength of his right hand

17 God will not ſuffer me to fall,
That, by declaring all his works,
18 When God has ſorely me chaſtis'd,
His mercy from the gates of death

19 Then open wide the temple gates
That I may enter in, and praiſe
20, 21 Within thoſe gates of God's abode
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,

22, 23 That, which the builders once refus'd, is now the corner ſtone:
This is the wond'rous work of God,
24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,

26 Him, that approaches in God's name,
"We, that belong to God's own houſe,
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Faſt to the altar's horn with cords

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
Becauſe thou only art my God,
29 O then, with me, give thanks to God,
And let the tribute of our praiſe

whom God has ſav'd from harm;
by his Almighty arm.
has endleſs honour won;
amazing works has done.

but ſtill prolongs my days;
I may advance his praiſe.
till quite of hopes bereav'd,
my fainting line repriev'd.

to which the juſt repair;
my great Deliv'rer there.
to which the righteous preſs,
thy holy name I'll bleſs.

the work of God alone.
exalt their cheerful voice:
and make us ſtill rejoice.

let all th' aſſembly bleſs;
have wiſh'd you good ſucceſs."
both light and comfort find;
the choſen victim bind.

I'll praiſe thy holy name;
I'll celebrate thy fame.
who ſtill does gracious prove;
be endleſs as his love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

HOW bleſt are they, who always keep
Who never from the ſacred paths
2 Thrice bleſt, who to his righteous laws
And have with fervent humble zeal

3 Such men their utmoſt caution uſe
But in the path which he directs
4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
And all our diligence employ

5 O then, that thy moſt holy will
And I the courſe of all my life
6 Then with aſſurance ſhould I walk,
Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways

7 My upright heart ſhall my glad mouth
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
8 So to thy ſacred laws ſhall I
O then forſake me not, my God,

the pure and perfect way!
of God's commandments ſtray?
have ſtill obedient been!
his favour ſought to win.

to ſhun each wicked deed;
with conſtant care proceed.
to learn thy ſacred will;
thy ſtatutes to fulfil.

might o'er my ways preſide!
by thy direction guide!
from all confuſion free;
with thy commands agree.

with cheerful praiſes fill;
I ſhall have learnt thy will.
all due obſervance pay:
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the young preſerve their ways from all pollution free?
By making ſtill their courſe of life with thy commands agree.
10 With hearty zeal for thee I ſeek, to thee for ſuccour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs ſteps from thy right paths to ſtray.

11 Safe in my heart, and cloſely hid, thy word, my treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely aid, when ſinful thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful ſoul ſhall ever bleſs thy name;
O teach me then by thy juſt laws my future life to frame.

13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal, to others have declar'd,
How well the judgments of thy mouth deſerve our beſt regard.
14 Whilſt in the way of thy commands more ſolid joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt increaſe of envy'd riches crown'd.

15 Therefore thy juſt and upright laws ſhall always fill my mind;
And thoſe found rules which thou preſcrib'ſt all due reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy ſtatutes undeface'd ſhall be my conſtant joy;
The ſtrict remembrance of thy word ſhall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy ſervant, Lord, do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word, my time to come may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind, that ſo I may diſcern
Thy wond'rous things which they beheld, whic thy juſt precepts learn.

19 The'

19 Tho' like a stranger in the land,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,
Whilst always on the eager search

21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Since they to walk in thy right ways
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
For I thy sacred laws affect

23 Tho' princes oft, in council met,
Yet I thy statutes to observe
24 For thy commands have always been
By them I learn, with prudent care,

from place to place I stray,
remove not thou away.
with earnest longing spent;
of thy just will intent.

whom still thy curse pursues;
presumptuously refuse.
contempt and shame remove;
with undissembled love.

against thy servant spake;
my constant business make.
my comfort and delight;
to guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul, oppress'd with deadly care,
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
26 To thee I still declar'd my ways,
O teach me then my future life

27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
The wond'rous works which thou hast done
28 Be see, my soul within me sinks,
Do thou, according to thy word,

29 Far, far from me be all false ways,
But kindly grant I still may keep
30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,

31 My care has been to make my life
O then prefer me thy servant, Lord,
32 So in the way of thy commands
And, with a heart enlarg'd with joy,

close to the dust does cleave:
thy promis'd aid receive.
who didst incline thine ear;
by thy just laws to steer.

and by their guidance walk,
shall be my constant talk.
press'd down with weighty care;
my wasted strength repair.

and lying arts remov'd!
the path by thee approv'd.
my happy choice I've made;
before me always laid.

with thy commands agree;
from shame and ruin free.
shall I with pleasure run,
successfully go on.

HE.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
And I from them, thro' all my life,
34 If thou true wisdom from above
To keep thy perfect laws I will

35 Direct me in the sacred ways
Because my chief delight has been
36 Do thou to thy most just commands
Let no desire of worldly wealth

37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
But give me lively power and strength
38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st
Who to transgress thy sacred laws

39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
40 Thou know'st how after thy commands
O then make haste and raise me up,

thy righteous paths display;
will never go astray.
wilt graciously impart,
devote my zealous heart.

to which thy precepts lead;
thy righteous paths to tread.
incline my willing heart;
from thee my thoughts divert.

which this false world displays;
to keep thy righteous ways.
and give thy servant aid,
is awfully afraid.

in mercy, Lord, remove:
are full of grace and love.
my longing heart does pant;
and promis'd succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To me, according to thy word,
42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
"In God I trust, who never will

43 Then let not quite the word of truth
Since still my ground of stedfast hope
44 So I to keep thy righteous laws,
From age to age my time to come

45 Thro' long I trust to walk at large,
Since I resolv'd to make my life
46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk;
Whilst I the justice of thy ways

47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul
When in thy lov'd commandments I
48 Then will I to thy just decrees
My care and business then shall be

to cheer my drooping heart;
thy saving health impart.
this ready answer make,
his faithful promise break."

be from my mouth remov'd;
thy just decrees have prov'd.
with all my study bend;
in their observance spend.

from all incumbrance free;
with thy commands agree.
and princes shall attend,
with confidence defend.

shall both o'erflow with joy;
my happy hours employ.
lift up my willing hands;
to study thy commands.

ZAIN,

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd grace, thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word, on which thy servant's hopes depend.
50 That only comfort in distress did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round, reviv'd my fainting soul.

51 Insulting foes did proudly mock, and all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy law not all their scoff could make me turn aside.
52 Thy judgments, then of ancient date I quickly call'd to mind;
Till, ravish'd with such thoughts, my soul did speedy comfort find.

53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd like one with deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes have thy just laws forsook.
54 But I thy statutes and decrees my cheerful anthems made;
Whilst thro' strange lands and deserts wild I like a Pilgrim stray'd.

55 Thy name that cheer'd my heart by day, has fill'd my thoughts by night;
I then resolv'd by thy just laws to guide my steps aright.
56 That peace of mind, which has my soul in deep distress sustain'd,
By strict obedience to thy will I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou and sure possession art;
Thy words I stedfastly resolve to treasure in my heart.
58 With all the strength of warm desires I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word, thy mercy's boundless store.

59 With due reflection and strict care on all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths, my wand'ring steps I brought.
60 I lost no time, but made great haste, resolv'd, without delay,
To watch, that I might never more from thy commandments stray.

61 Tho' num'rous troops of sinful men to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of night I will arise to sing thy solemn praise;
Convinc'd how much I always ought to love thy righteous ways.

63 To such as fear thy holy name myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient wills to thy commands resign.
64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord, abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestow'd, according to thy word.
66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which right judgment is attain'd,
Who in belief of thy commands have stedfastly remain'd.

67 Before affliction stopt my course, my footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd thy precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good, and all thou dost is so;
On me thy statutes to discern, thy saving skill bestow.

69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies my spotless fame to stain;
But my fix'd heart, without reserve, thy precepts shall retain.
70 While pamper'd they, with prosp'rous ills, in sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt Affliction's chast'ning rod,
That I may duly learn and keep the statutes of my God.
72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds of more esteem I hold,
Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines of silver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanship of thy Almighty hands,
The heav'nly understanding give to learn thy just commands.
74 My preservation to thy saints strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes, who trusted in thy word.

75 That right thy judgments are, now by sure experience see,
And that in faithfulness, O Lord, thou hast afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender mercy now afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord, to me, thy servant, made.

77 To me thy saving grace restore, that I again may live;
Whose soul can relish no delight but what thy precepts give.
78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd to ruin me have sought;
Who only on thy sacred laws employ my harmless thought.

79 Let

79 Let thoſe that fear thy name eſpouſe my cauſe, and thoſe alone,
Who have by ſtrict and pious ſearch thy ſacred precepts known.
80 In thy bleſt ſtatutes let my heart continue always ſound;
That guilt and ſhame, the ſinners lot may never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My ſoul with long expectance faints to ſee thy ſaving grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring word my confidence I place.
82 My very eyes conſume and fail with waiting for thy word:
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief and promis'd aid afford?
83 My ſkin like ſhrivel'd parchment ſhows, that long in ſmoke is ſet;
Yet no afflictions me can force thy ſtatutes to forget.
84 How many days muſt I endure of ſorrow and diſtreſs?
When wilt thou judgment execute on them who me oppreſs?
85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me, that have no other foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee, and thy juſt laws oppoſe.
86 With right and truth's eternal laws all thy commands agree;
Men perſecute me without cauſe, thou, Lord, my helper be.
87 With cloſe deſigns againſt my life they had almoſt prevail'd;
But in obedience to thy will my duty never fail'd.
88 Thy wonted kindneſs, Lord, reſtore, my drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous ſtatutes I my life's whole courſe may ſteer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord, unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy word, eſtabliſh'd in th' Heav'ns, does all their orbs ſuſtain.
90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the earth, which thou upholdſt by thy Almighty hand.
91 All things the courſe by thee ordain'd ev'n to this day fulfil;
They are thy faithful ſubjects all, and ſervants of thy will.
92 Unleſs thy ſacred law had been my comfort and delight,
I muſt have fainted and expir'd in dark Affliction's night.
93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, haſt to new life reſtor'd my dying heart.
94 As I am thine, entirely thine, protect me, Lord, from harm;
Who have thy precepts ſought to know, and carefully perform.
95 The wicked have their ambuſh laid my guiltleſs life to take;
But in the midſt of danger I thy word my ſtudy make.
96 I've ſeen an end of what we call perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyſelf, no change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear no language can diſplay;
They with freſh wonders entertain my raviſh'd thoughts all day.
98 Thro' thy commands I wiſer grow than all my ſubtle foes;
For thy ſure word does me direct, and all my ways diſpoſe.
99 From me my former teachers now may abler counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred precepts I my conſtant ſtudy make.
100 In underſtanding I excel the ſages of our days;
Becauſe by thy unerring rules I order all my ways.
101 My feet with care I have reſrain'd from ev'ry ſinful way,
That to thy ſacred word I might entire obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy judgments ſtray'd, by vain deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me thy righteous paths to tread.
103 How ſweet are all thy words to me; O what divine repaſt!
How much more grateful to my ſoul, than honey to my taſte.
104 Taught by thy ſacred precepts, I with heav'nly ſkill am bleſt;
Thro' which the treach'rous ways of ſin I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp, the way of truth to ſhow;
A watch-light, to point out the path, in which I ought to go.
106 I ſwear (and from my ſolemn oath I'll never ſtart aſide;)
That in thy righteous judgments I will ſtedfaſtly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am so oppreſt, that I can bear no more,
Accordin; to thy word do thou my fainting ſoul reſtore.
108 Let ſtill my ſacrifice of praiſe with thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord, inſtruct my willing mind.

109 Tho' ghaſtly dangers me ſurround, my ſoul they cannot awe;
Nor, with continual terrors, keep from thinking on thy law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate foes for me their ſnares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path, nor from thy precepts ſtray'd.

111 Thy teſtimonies I have made my heritage and choice;
For they, when other comforts fail'd, my drooping heart rejoice.
112 My heart with early zeal began thy ſtatutes to obey:
And, till my courſe of life is done, ſhall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices I utterly deteſt;
But to thy law affection bear too great to be expreſt.
114 My hiding place, my refuge tow'r, and ſhield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes on thy unerring word.

115 Hence ye that trade in wickedneſs, approach not my abode,
For firmly I reſolve to keep the precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious word, from danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe hopes aſham'd, that I repoſe on thee.

117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe, and reſcu'd from diſtreſs;
To thy decrees continually my juſt reſpect addreſs.
118 The Wicked thou haſt trod to earth, who from thy ſtatutes ſtray'd;
Their vile deceit the juſt reward of their own falſehood made.

119 The Wicked from thy holy land thou doſt like droſs, remove;
I therefore, with ſuch juſtice charm'd, thy teſtimonies love.
120 Yet with that love they make me dread, leſt I ſhould offend,
When on tranſgreſſors I behold thy judgments thus deſcend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and juſtice I have lov'd; O therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up to my oppreſſors rage.
122 Do thou be ſurety, Lord, for me, and ſo ſhall this diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the proud my guiltleſs ſoul oppreſs.

123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail, in long expectance held,
Till thy ſalvation they behold, and righteous word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy ſervant in diſtreſs, thy wonted grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing heart thy ſtatutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy fear, thy ſacred ſkill beſtow,
That of thy teſtimonies I the full extent may know.
126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord, thy vengeance to employ,
When men with open violence thy ſacred law deſtroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands but make their value riſe
In my eſteem, who pureſt gold compar'd with them deſpiſe.
128 Thy precepts therefore I account, in all reſpects, divine;
They teach me to diſcern the right, and all falſe ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain no words can repreſent;
Therefore, to learn and practice them my zealous heart is bent.
130 The very entrance to thy word celeſtial light diſplays;
And knowledge of true happineſs to ſimpleſt minds conveys.

131 With eager hopes I waiting ſtood, and fainted with deſire,
That of thy wiſe commands I might the ſacred ſkill acquire.
132 With favour, Lord, look down on me, who thy relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe who thy bleſt name adore.

133 Directed by thy heavenly word let all my footſteps be;
Nor wickedneſs of any kind dominion have o'er me.
134 Releaſe, entirely ſet me free from perſecuting hands,
That unmoleſted I may learn and practiſe thy commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy fear, Lord, make thy face to ſhine;
Thy ſtatutes both to know and keep my heart with zeal incline.
136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn, whence briny rivers flow,
To ſee mankind againſt thy laws in bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

PSALM CXIX.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous judge, in whom wrong'd innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord, in all respects are just.
138 Most just and true those statutes were, which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness perform'd succeeding times shall see.

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away, my soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn, at once, thy promises and threats.
140 Yet each neglected word of thine, (however by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal truth by me, thy servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate, contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive thy precepts from my mind.
142 Thy righteousness shall then endure, when time itself is past:
Thy law is truth itself, that truth which shall for ever last.

143 Tho' trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread to compass me unite,
Belet with dangers, still I make thy precepts my delight.
144 Eternal and unerring rules thy testimonies give,
Teach me the wisdom, that will make my soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd, Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform will all my care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd, O save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know, and heedfully obey.

147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whose engaging word my hope alone rely'd.
148 With zeal have I awak'd before the midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word might perfect knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice, and wonted favour shew;
O quicken me, and so approve thy judgments ever true.
150 My persecuting foes advance and hourly nearer draw,
What treatment can I hope from them who violate thy law?

151 Tho' they draw nigh, my comfort is, thou, Lord, are yet more near,
Thou, whose commands are righteous all, thy promises sincere.
152 Concerning thy divine decrees my soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth to endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord, and me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress, who ne'er forgets thy law.
154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me according to thy word.

155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'st salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them who from thy statutes stray.
156 Since great thy tender mercies are to all who thee adore;
According to thy judgments, Lord, my fainting hopes restore.

157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes against my life combine;
But all too few to force my soul thy statutes to decline.
158 Those bold transgressors I beheld, and was with grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious pride thy cov'nant they transgress'd.

159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord, how I thy precepts love:
O therefore quicken me with beams of mercy from above.
160 As from the birth of time thy truth has held through ages past,
So shall thy righteous judgments firm to endless ages last.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty tyrants, without cause, conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has pow'r alone to fill my heart with dread.
162 And yet that word my joyful breast with heav'nly rapture warms,
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war, have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear, too vast to be expressed.
164 Sev'n times a day, with grateful voice, thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all with truth and justice crown'd.

165 Secure,

165 Secure, substantial peace have they who truly love thy law:
No smiling mischief them can tempt, nor frowning danger awe.
166 For thy salvation I have hop'd, and, though so long delay'd,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care all thy commands obey'd.
167 Thy testimonies I have kept, and constantly obey'd;
Because the love I bore to them thy service easy made.
168 From strict observance of thy laws I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my most secret ways are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my request and earnest cry attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill, according to thy word.
170 Let my repeated pray'r at last before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word, for my relief draw near.
171 Then shall my grateful lips return the tribute of their praise,
When thou thy statutes hast reveal'd, and taught me thy just ways.
172 My tongue the praises of thy word shall thankful resound,
Because thy promises are all with truth and justice crown'd.
173 Let thy Almighty arm appear and bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordain'd my heart's free choice have made.
174 My soul has waited long to see thy saving grace restor'd;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws, thy heav'nly laws afford.
175 Prolong my life, that I may sing my great Restorer's praise;
Whose justice from the depth of woes my fainting soul shall raise.
176 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd, till I despair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek, who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM CXX.

IN deep distress I oft have cry'd to God, who never yet deny'd
To rescue me, oppress'd with wrongs;
2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance send, from lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of sland'ring tongues.
3 What little profit can accrue, and yet what heavy wrath is due,
O thou perfidious tongue, to thee!
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn; of lasting flames that fiercely burn
The constant fuel thou shalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my doom, who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert soil!
With Keder's wicked tents inclos'd, to lawless savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but theft and spoil.
6 My hapless dwelling is with those who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others harms.
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek; but when to them of peace I speak,
They straight cry out, To arms, to arms.

PSALM CXXI.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes, from thence expecting aid;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God, who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest, thy guardian will not sleep;
4 His watchful care, that Israel guards, will Israel's monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th'Almighty's wings thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon shall thee by day or night molest.
7 From common accidents of life his care shall guard thee still;
From the blind strokes of chance and foes, that lie in wait to kill.
8 At home, abroad, in peace, in war, thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

O 'Twas a joyful sound to hear our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel to the temple haste, and keep your festal day.
2 At Salem's court we must appear with our assembled pow'rs;
3 In strong and beauteous order rang'd like her united tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by divine command, the tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate his name with praise and pray'r.
5 Tribunals stand erected there, where equity takes place,
There stand the courts and palaces of royal David's race.

6 O pray we then for Salem's peace, for they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy city of our God!) who bear true love to thee.
7 May peace within thy sacred walls a constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity thy palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends, no less than brethren dear,
I'll pray,---May peace in Salem's tow'rs a constant guest appear.
9 But most of all I'll seek thy good, and ever with thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake, where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

ON thee, who dwell'st above the skies, for mercy wait my longing eyes;
As servants watch their master's hands, and maids their mistresses commands,
3, 4, O then have mercy on us, Lord, thy gracious aid to us afford,
To us, whom cruel foes oppress, grown rich and proud by our distress.

PSALM CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord (may Israel say) been pleas'd to interpose;
2 Had he not then espous'd our cause when men against us rose,
3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive, and rag'd without control;
Their spite and pride's united floods had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord, who rescu'd us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up our threat'ned lives a prey.
7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd from out the fowler's net;
The snare is broke their hopes are croft, and we at freedom set.
8 Secure in his Almighty name our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth, of both sole monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust, like Sion's rock shall stand,
Like her immoveable be fix'd by his Almighty hand.
2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side Jerusalem inclose:
So stands the Lord around his saints to guard them from their foes.
3 The wicked may afflict the just, but ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek base means for his redress.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to those who righteous deeds affect:
The heart that innocence retains let innocence protect.
5 All those, who walk in crooked paths, the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints with lasting peace and joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN Sion's God her sons recall'd from long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream of what we wish'd to see.
2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth we did our voice employ,
And sung our great restorer's praise in thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining stood, yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the work our God for us had done.
3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great, much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great things, whereof we reap the glad success.
4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord, of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'rs to parch'd and thirsty lands.
5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears, may see our labours thrive,
Till finish'd with success, to make our drooping hearts revive.
6 Tho' he depend that sows his grain, yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring his joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

WE build with fruitless cost, unless the Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep, the watchman wakes in vain.
2 In vain we rise before the day, and late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil, and eat the bread of care.
3 Supplies of life, with ease to them, he on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success, their nights with sound repose.
4 Children, those comforts of our life, are presents from the Lord:
He gives a num'rous race of heirs, as Piety's reward.

5 As arrows in a giant's hand,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth
6 Happy the man, whose quiver's fill'd
He needs not fear to meet his foe,

when marching forth to war;
their parents safe-guard are.
with these prevailing arms;
at law, or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

THE man is blest who fears the Lord,
But keeps his steps confin'd with care
2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Without dependence live, and see

not only worship pays,
to his appointed ways.
of his own labour feed;
his wishes all succeed.

3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
His children, like young olive plants,
4, 5 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
And grant him all his days to see

her lovely fruit shall bring;
about his table spring.
him Sion's God shall bless,
Jerusalem's success.

6 He shall live on, 'till heirs from him
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,

descend with vast increase;
and more in Israel's peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
2 Reach'd me oft to heavy straits,
3 They oft have plough'd my patient back
4 But our just God has broke the chains,

they oft have me assail'd;
but never quite prevail'd.
with furrows deep and long;
and rescu'd us from wrong.

5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout
Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
6 Like corn upon our houses tops,
Which too much heat, and want of root

be still the doom of those,
and Sion's God oppose.
untimely let them fade;
have blasted in the blade.

7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
Nor binder thinks it worth his pains
8 No traveller that passes by
To give it one kind look, or crave

but unregarded leaves;
to fold it into sheaves;
vouchsafes a minute's stop,
Heav'n's blessing on the crop.

PSALM CXXX.

FROM lowest depths of woe,
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
3 Should'st thou severely judge,
4 But thou forgiv'st, left we despond,

to God I sent my cry:
and graciously reply.
who can the trial bear?
and quite renounce thy fear.

5 My soul with patience waits
My hopes are on thy promise built,
6 My longing eyes look out
More duly than the morning watch

for thee the living Lord:
thy never-failing word.
for thy enliv'ning ray;
to spy the dawning day.

7 Let Israel trust in God,
The plenteous source and spring, from whence eternal succour flows.
8 Whose friendly streams to us
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse

no bounds his mercy knows;
supplies in want convey;
and wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

O Lord, I am not proud of heart,
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
2 With infant-innocence thou know'st
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe

nor cast a scornful eye;
in things for me too high.
I have myself demean'd:
that from the breast is wean'd.

3 Like me let Israel hope in God,
both now and ever trust in him,

his aid alone implore:
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

LET David, Lord, a constant place
Let all the sorrows he endur'd
2 Remember what a solemn oath
How to the mighty God he vow'd,

in thy remembrance find;
be ever in thy mind.
to thee, his Lord, he swore;
whom Jacob's sons adore.

3, 4 I will not go into my house,
No oft repose shall close my eyes,
5, 7 Till for the Lord's design'd abode
'Till I a decent place of rest

nor to my bed ascend;
nor sleep my eye-lids bend:
I mark the destin'd ground;
for Jacob's God have found.

6 Th' appointed place, with shouts of joy,
And made the wood and neighb'ring fields
7 O with due reverence let us then
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,

at Ephrata we found,
our glad applause resound.
to his abode repair;
pour out our humble pray'r.

8 Arise,

8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess thy constant place of rest;
Be that, not only with thy ark, but with thy presence blest.
9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness, make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake, hear thy anointed's voice.

11 God sware to David in his truth, (nor shall his oath be vain)
One of thy offspring after thee upon thy throne shall reign.
12 And if thy seed my cov'nant keep, and to my laws submit;
Their children too upon thy throne for evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For Sion does in God's esteem all other seats excel;
His place of everlasting rest. where he desires to dwell.
15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase, her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests my saving health confess.

17 There David's pow'r shall long remain in his successive line;
And my anointed servant there shall with fresh lustre shine.
18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst, with confirm'd success, his crown shall flourish on his head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

HOW vast must their advantage be! how great their pleasure prove?
Who live like brethren, and consent in offices of love!
2 True love is like that precious oil, which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does on Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall on Sion's fruitful hill.
4 For God to all whose friendly hearts with mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days with constant blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend upon his solemn state;
That in his temple, night by night, with humble reverence wait.

2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands, and bless his holy name;
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord, who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

O Praise the Lord with one consent, and magnify his name:
Let all the servants of the Lord his worthy praise proclaim.
2 Praise him all ye that in his house attend with constant care;
With those that to his outmost courts with humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest interest is, glad hymns of praise to sing:
And with loud songs to bless his name, a most delightful thing.
4 For God his own peculiar choice the sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring for his own most valu'd treasure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have by glad experience found;
And seen how he, with wond'rous pow'r, above all Gods is crown'd.
6 For he with unresisted strength performs his sov'reign will;
In Heav'n and Earth and watry stores, that Earth's deep caverns fill.

7 He raises vapours from the ground, which, pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down at last in show'rs, through which his dreadful lightnings glare.
8 He from his store-house brings the wind; and he with vengeful hand,
The first-born slew of man and beast, thro' Egypt's mourning land.

9 He dreaded signs and wonders shew'd thro' stubborn Egypt's coasts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plague escape, nor all his num'rous hosts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote and mighty kings suppress'd:
Sion and Og, and all besides who Canaan's land possess'd.

12, 13 The land upon his chosen race he firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last, his praise shall never fail.
14 For God shall soon his people's cause with pitying eyes survey;
Repent him of his wrath, and turn his kindled rage away.

15 Those idols, whose false worship spreads o'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold, the work of human hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues nor see with polish'd eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf, no breath their mouth supplies.

18 As senseless as themselves are they
To make them, or in dangerous times
19 Their just returns of thanks to God
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race

that all their skill apply
on them for aid rely.
let grateful Israel pay;
as bless the Lord delay.

20 Their service of his unbounded love
And let all those that fear the Lord
21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,

let Levi's house express;
his name for ever bless.
in Sion's courts proclaim:
exalt his holy name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
To him due praise afford,
For God does prove
His boundless love

your joyful thanks repeat:
as good as he is great:
our constant friend,
shall never end.

2, 3 To him whose wond'rous pow'r
Whom earthly kings adore,
For God, &c.

all other Gods obey,
this grateful homage pay.

4, 5 By his Almighty hand
The Heav'ns by his command
For God, &c.

amazing works are wrought,
were to perfection brought.

6 He spreads the ocean round
And made the rising ground
For God, &c.

about the spacious land;
above the waters stand.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display
The Sun to rule by day,
For God, &c.

his num'rous hosts of light;
the Moon and Stars by night.

10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead
And thence his people led
For God, &c.

of Egypt's stubborn land;
with his resistless hand.

13, 14 By him the raging sea,
Disclos'd a middle way,
For God, &c.

as if in pieces rent,
thro' which his people went.

15 Where soon he overthrew
Who, daring to pursue,
For God, &c.

proud Pharaoh and his host,
were in the billows lost.

16, 17, 18 Thro' deserts vast and wild
And famous princes foil'd,
For God, &c.

he led the chosen feed;
and made great monarchs bleed.

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
And Og, whose stern command
For God, &c.

great Ammon's sceptre sway'd,
rich Bashan's land obey'd.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace,
He gave to Israel's race,
For God, &c.

their lands, whom he destroy'd,
to be by them enjoy'd.

23, 24 He, in our depth of woes,
And from our cruel foes
For God, &c.

on us with favour thought;
in peace and safety brought.

25, 26 He does the food supply
To God, who reigns on high,
For God will prove
His boundless love

on which all creatures live;
eternal praises give.
our constant friend;
shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHEN we our wearied limbs to rest,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,
2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung
With silent strings neglected hung

sat down by proud Euphrates' stream;
and Sion was our mournful theme.
were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
on willow trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd
Music and mirth of us requir'd,
4 How shall we tune our voice to sing?
Shall hymns of joy to God our king

to triumph in our slavish wrongs,
"Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."
or touch our harps with skilful hands?
be sung by slaves in foreign lands?

5 O Salem,

PSALM CXXXVIII, CXXXIX.

5 O Salem, our once happy seat! when I of thee forgetful prove,
6 Let then my trembling hand forget the speaking strings with art to move!
If I to mention thee forbear, eternal silence seize my tongue;
Or if I sing one cheerful air till thy deliv'rance is my song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race, in thy own city's fatal day,
Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface, and with the ground quite level lay."
8 Proud Babel's daughter, doom'd to be of grief and woe the wretched prey,
Blest is the man who shall to thee, the wrongs thou lay'st on us, repay.

9 Thrice blest, who with just rage possest, and deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast, and dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole heart, my God and king, thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with joy I'll sing, and bless thy holy name.
2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat, and with thy love inspir'd,
The praises of thy truth repeat, o'er all thy works admir'd.

3 Thou graciously inclin'd'st thine ear, when I to thee did cry;
And, when my soul was prest with fear, didst inward strength supply.
4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince thy name with praise pursue;
Whom these admir'd events convince, that all thy works are true.

5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord, with cheerful songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious acts record, thy awful pow'r confess;
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high, does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off his scornful eye beholds with just neglect.

7 Tho' I with troubles am oppress, he shall my foes disarm,
Relieve my soul when most distress'd, and keep me safe from harm.
8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last, shall fix my happy state;
And, mindful of his favours past, shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1,2 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known my rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee, known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys, my public haunts and private ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent, my yet unutter'd words intent.

5 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand, on ev'ry side I find thy hand,
6 O skill, for human reach too high! too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
7 O could I so perfidious be, to think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun, or whither from thy presence run?

8 If up to Heav'n I take my flight, 'tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains, 'tis there Almighty vengeance reigns.
9 If I the morning's wing could gain, and fly beyond the western main,
10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive, and there arrest thy fugitive.

11 Or, should I try to shun thy sight beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray, would kindle darkness into day.
12 The veil of night is no disguise, no screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way, as in the blazing noon of day.

13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart, my reins and ev'ry vital part;
Each single thread in nature's loom, by thee was cover'd in the womb.
14 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came, a work of such a curious frame:
The wonders thou in me hast shown, my soul with grateful joy must own.

15 Thine eyes my substance did survey while yet a lifeless mass it lay:
In secret how exactly wrought, o'er from its dark inclosure brought.
16 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see, its parts were register'd by thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took, form'd by the model of thy book.

17 Let me acknowledge too, O God, that since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount the pow'r of numbers to recount.
18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er the sands upon the ocean's shore;
Each morn, reviving what I've done, I find th' account but new begun.

19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God; depart from me, ye men of blood.
20 Whose tongues Heav'n's Majesty profane, and take the Almighty's name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew, who thee with enmity pursue? [vain.
And does not grief my heart oppress, when reprobates thy laws transgress?

22 Who

22 Who practise enmity to thee,
Such men I utterly detest,
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
Correct me where I go astray,

shall utmost hatred have from me:
as if they were my foes profest.
if mischief lurks in any part;
and guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL.

PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes
2 And from the sons of violence,
3 Their bland'ring tongue the serpent's sting
Between their lips the gall of asps

of treacherous intent;
on open mischief bent,
in sharpness does exceed;
and adders venom breed.

4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands,
A prey to sons of violence,
5 The proud for me have laid their snare,
With traps and gins, wherever I move,

nor leave my soul forlorn,
who have my ruin sworn.
and spread their wily net;
I find my steps beset.

6 But thus environ'd with distress,
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
7 O Lord, the God whose saving strength
And cover'd my adventurous head

thou art my God, I said;
that call to thee for aid.
kind succour did convey:
in battles doubtful day.

8 Permit not their unjust designs
Lest they, encourag'd by success,
9 Lest first their chiefs the sad effects
The blast of their envenom'd breath

to answer their desire;
to bolder crimes aspire.
of their injustice mourn;
upon themselves return.

10 Let them who kindled first the flame,
The pit they dug'd for me be made
11 Tho' slander's breath may raise a storm,
Their rage does but the torrent swell,

its sacrifice become;
their own untimely tomb.
it quickly will decay;
that bears themselves away.

12 God will assert the poor man's cause,
The just shall celebrate his praise,

and speedy succour give;
and in his presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries attend,
And with accustom'd pity hear
2 Instead of offerings let my pray'r
My lifted hands supply the place

O haste to my relief;
the accents of my grief.
like morning incense rise;
of evening sacrifice.

3 From guilty language curb my tongue,
Still keep the portal of my lips
4 From wicked men's designs and deeds
Nor let me in the booty share

and let a constant guard
with wary silence bar'd.
my heart and hands restrain;
of their unrighteous gain.

5 Let upright men reprove my faults,
Like balm that heals a wounded head,
And in return my fervent pray'r
When they are tempted and reduc'd,

and I shall think them kind;
I their reproof shall find.
I shall for them address,
like me, to sore distress.

6 When sculking in Engeddi's rock,
If one reproachful word I spoke,
7 Yet us they persecute to death,
As thick as from the hewer's ax

I to their chiefs appeal,
when I had pow'r to kill,
our scatter'd ruins lie
the sever'd splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct
O leave not destitute my soul,
9 Be thou preserve me from the snares,
Let them in their own nets be caught,

my supplicating eyes;
whose trust on thee relies.
that wicked hands have laid;
while my escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

TO God with mournful voice
2 Made him the empire of my cause,
3 Thou didst my steps direct,
For where I thought to walk secure,
4 I look'd, but found no friend
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
5 To God, at last, I pray'd,
My portion in the land of life,
6 Reduc'd to greatest straits,
O! save me from oppressing foes,
7 That I may praise thy name,
Whilst of thy kind regard to me

in deep distress I pray'd;
my wrongs before him laid.
when my griev'd soul despair'd;
they had their traps prepar'd.
to own me in distress;
his pity or redress.
thou, Lord, my refuge art;
till life itself depart.
to thee I make my moan:
for me too powerful grown.
my soul from prison bring;
assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
For in thy sight no living man

3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,
He drives me into caves, as dark
4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
My mournful heart grows desolate,

5 I call to mind the days of old,
My former dangers and escapes
6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,

7 Hear me with speed; my spirit fails:
Left I become forlorn, like them
8 Thy kindness early let me hear,
Teach me the way where I should go;

9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
A safe retreat against their rage
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Let thy good spirit lead and keep

11 O for the sake of thy great name,
For thy truth's sake, to me distress'd
12 In pity to my suff'rings, Lord,
Slay them that persecute a soul

thy wonted audience lend;
a gracious answer send.
thy servant to be try'd:
can e'er be justify'd.

whose comforts all are fled;
as mansions of the dead.
and sinks within my breast;
with heavy woes oppress.

and wonders thou hast wrought:
employ my musing thought.
I fervently stretch out:
like land oppress'd with drought.

thy face no longer hide;
that in the grave reside.
whose trust on thee depends;
my soul to thee ascends.

preserve and set me free;
my soul implores from thee.
instruct me to obey:
my soul in thy right way.

revive my drooping heart;
thy promis'd aid impart.
reduce my foes to shame:
devoted to thy name.

PSALM CXLIV.

FOR ever blest be God the Lord,
At once both strength and skill afford
2 His goodness is my fort and tow'r,
In him I trust, whose matchless pow'r

3 Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st love
What in his offspring could thee move
4 The life of man does quickly fade;
His days are like a flying shade,

5 In solemn state, O God, descend,
The smoaking hills asunder rend,
6 Discharge thy dreadful light'nings round,
Them with thy pointed arrows wound,

who does his needful aid impart,
to which my arms with warlike art.
my strong deliv'rance and my shield;
makes to my sway fierce nations yield.

such great account of him to make?
his thoughts but empty are and vain,
of whose short stay no signs remain.

whilst Heav'n its lofty head inclines;
of thy approach the awful signs.
and make my scatter'd foes retreat:
and their destruction soon complete.

7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage, thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,
And snatch me from the stormy rage of threat'ning waves, that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign foes, who utter speeches false and vain;
Who, tho' in solemn leagues they close, their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.

9 So I to thee, O King of Kings,
And instruments of various strings
10 "God does to kings his aid afford,
"'Tis he, that from the murd'ring sword

in joyful hymns my voice shall raise:
shall help me thus to sing thy praise.
to them his sure salvation sends;
his servant David still defends."

11 Fight thou against my foreign foes,
Who, tho' in solemn leagues they close,
12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow
Our daughters shall like pillars show,

who utter speeches false and vain;
their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
well planted in some fruitful place;
design'd some royal court to grace.

13 Our garners, fill'd with various store,
Our sheep, increasing more and more,
14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,
Whilst we no war nor slavery know,

15 Thrice happy is that people's case,
Who God's true worship still embrace,

shall us and ours with plenty feed,
shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
nor in their constant labour faint:
and in our streets hear no complaint.

whose various blessings thus abound;
and are with his protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and king, thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring, and ever bless thy name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great, and highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty, with boundless height, above our knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd

4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame to future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name succeſſively defends.
5, 6 Whilſt I thy glory and renown and wond'rous works expreſs;
The world with me thy might ſhall own, and thy great pow'r confeſs.
7 The praiſe that to thy love belongs, they ſhall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful ſongs ſhall be the conſtant theme.
8 The Lord is good, freſh acts of grace his pity ſtill ſupplies;
His anger moves with ſloweſt pace, his willing mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy love thro' Earth extends its fame, to all thy works expreſs'd:
Theſe ſhew thy praiſe whilſt thy great name is by thy ſervants bleſs'd.
11 They, with the glorious proſpect fir'd, ſhall of thy kingdom ſpeak:
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd, their lofty ſubject make.
12 God's glorious works of ancient date ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his kingdom's royal ſtate with publick ſplendor ſhown.
13 His ſtedfaſt throne, from changes free, ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs ſway no end ſhall ſee, but time itſelf out laſt.

The Second Part.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall, and makes the proſtrate riſe;
For his kind aid all creatures call, who timely food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various wants require, with open hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt deſire of ev'ry thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how juſt! how righteous all his ways!
How nigh to him who with firm truſt for his aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full deſires of thoſe, who him with fear adore;
And all their troubles ſoon compoſe, when they his aid implore.
20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with care, whom grateful love employs;
But ſinners, who his vengeance dare, with furious rage deſtroys.
21 My time to come, in praiſes ſpent, ſhall ſtill advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one conſent, for ever bleſs his name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my ſoul, for ever bleſs his name;
His wond'rous love, while life ſhall laſt, my conſtant praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On kings, the greateſt ſons of men, let none for aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times, nor timely help apply.
4 Depriv'd of breath, to duſt they turn, and there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain deſigns together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God for his protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd hope, the Lord his conſtant refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth, and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt truth, nor make his promiſe vain.
7 The poor oppreſs'd, from all their wrongs are eaſe by his decree:
He gives the hungry needful food, and ſets the priſoners free.
8 By him the blind receive their ſight, the weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love he for the righteous cares.
9 The ſtranger he preſerves from harm, the orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles of wicked men defeats.
10 The God, that does in Sion dwell, is our eternal king:
From age to age his reign endures; let all his praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

O Praiſe the Lord with hymns of joy, and celebrate his fame;
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis to praiſe his holy name.
2 His holy city God will build, tho' leveld with the ground;
Bring back his people, tho' diſperſ'd thro' all the nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts, and all their wounds doth cloſe;
He tells the number of the ſtars, their ſeveral names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r, his wiſdom has no bound:
The meek he raiſes, and throws down the wicked to the ground.
7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praiſe with grateful voices ſing:
To ſongs of triumph tune the harp, and ſtrike each warbling ſtring.
8 He covers Heav'n with clouds, and thence refreſhing rain beſtows:
Thro' him, on mountain tops, the graſs with wond'rous plenty grows.

9 He, savage beasts, that loosely range,
He feeds the ravens tender brood,
10 He values not the warlike steed,
The nimble foot, that swiftly runs,

11 But he, to him that fears his name,
To him that on his boundless grace
12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,

14, 15 Thro' all their borders he gives peace
He speaks the word, and what he wills
16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,

17 When, join'd to these, he does his hail
Who can against his piercing cold
18 He sends his word which melts the ice;
And soon the streams, congeal'd before,

19 By him his statutes and decrees
And still to Israel's chosen seed
20 No other nation this can boast,
To heathen lands his oracles,

with timely food supplies:
and stops their hungry cries.
but does his strength disdain:
no prize from him can gain.

his fond love extends;
with fixed hope depends.
to God their praise address;
and does their children bless.

with finest wheat they're fed;
is done as soon as said.
descend at his command;
is scatter'd o'er the land.

in little morsels break:
secure defences make?
he makes his wind to blow;
in plenteous currents flow.

to Jacob's sons were shown;
his righteous laws are known.
nor did he e'er afford
and knowledge of his word.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2, YE boundless realms of joy,
His praise your song employ
Your voices raise,
And Seraphim.

3, 4 Thou Moon, that rul'st the night,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of light,
His praise declare,
And clouds that move

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
By whose Almighty word
And all shall last.
His firm decree

7, 8 Let Earth her tribute pay;
And Fish, that thro' the sea
Fire, hail, and snow,
And winds, that where

9, 10 By hills and mountains tall
By cedars lofty tall,
By ev'ry beast,
And fowl of wing,

11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
And judges of the earth,
In this design
And hoary heads

13 United zeal be shown,
Whose glorious name alone
Earth's utmost ends
His glorious sway

14 His chosen saints to grace,
And favours Israel's race,
O therefore raise
And still rejoice

exalt your Maker's fame
above the starry frame;
ye Cherubim
to sing his praise.

and Sun, that guid'st the day;
to him your homage pay;
ye Heav'nly Host above,
in liquid air.

and praise his holy name,
they all from nothing came;
from changes free;
stands ever fast.

praise him ye dreadful Whales,
glide swift, with glitt'ring scales;
and misty air,
he bids them blow.

in grateful concert join'd)
and trees for fruit design'd:
and creeping thing,
his name be blest.

with those of humble frame,
his matchless praise proclaim:
let youths with maids,
with children join.

his wond'rous fame to raise,
deserves our highest praise.
his pow'r obey:
the sky transcends.

he sets them up on high,
who all to him are nigh.
your grateful voice,
the Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX

1, 2 O Praise ye the Lord,
His praise in the great
In our great Creator
And children of Sion

3, 4 Let them his great name
With timbrel and harp

prepare your glad voice,
assembly to sing.
let Israel rejoice;
be glad in their king.

extol in the dance;
his praises express:

PSALM CL.

Who always takes pleasure — his saints to advance,
And with his salvation — the humble to bless.

5, 6 With glory adorn'd — his people shall sing
To God, who their beds — with safety does shield;
Their mouths fill'd with praises — of him their great king;
Whilst a two-edged sword — their right hand shall wield.

7, 8 Just vengeance to take — for injuries past;
To punish those lands — for ruin design'd;
With chains as their captives — to tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron — their nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good, — when them they destroy,
The dreadful decree — which God does proclaim:
Such honour and triumph — his saints shall enjoy,
O therefore for ever — exalt his great name.

PSALM CL.

O Praise the Lord in that blest place, from whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his face unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
2 Praise him for all the mighty acts, — which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts, — with which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice make rocks and hills his praise rebound:
Praise him with harp's melodious noise, — and gentle psaltry's silver sound.
4 Let virgin-troops soft timbrels bring, and form with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various strings, — with organs join'd, his praise advance.

5 Let them, who joyful hymns compose, to cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those — that loudly sound on solemn days.
6 Let all, that vital breath enjoy, — the breath be made to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ: — let every creature praise the Lord.

THE END OF THE PSALMS.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — the God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now, — and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God the Father, Son, — and Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so — to all eternity.

As the 100 Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old, — is now, and shall be evermore.

As the old 112th, and the last Part of the 123d Psalm.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, — the God, whom Heav'n's triumphant host
And faithful saints on Earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past, — as now it is and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God, the Father, Son, — and Spirit ever blest,
Eternal three in one, — all worship be address'd;
As heretofore — it was, is now,
And shall be so — for evermore.

As Psalm 149.

By angels in Heav'n — of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon Earth, — all praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons, — one God ever blest,
As it has been, now is, — and always shall be.

HYMNS.

VENI CREATOR.

[*First Metre.*]

COME, Holy Ghoſt, Creator come,
Thou haſt inſpir'd our hearts with life;
Thou art the Comforter, the gift
The everlaſting ſpring of joy,

Thy gifts are manifold: thou writ'ſt
The promiſe of the Father, thou
Enlighten our dark ſouls, till they
And (ſince we are by nature frail)

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
That with thy light and guidance bleſt,
Teach us the Father to confeſs,
And, with the Father and the Son,

With thee, O Father, therefore may
And ſacred Comforter, one God,

and viſit all the ſouls of thine;
inſpire them now with life divine.
of God moſt high; the fire of love;
and holy unction from above.

God's laws in ev'ry faithful heart;
do't heav'nly eloquence impart.
thy love, thy heav'nly love embrace;
aſſiſt us with thy laſting grace.

and grant us to have peace within;
we may eſcape the ſnares of ſin.
and Son, who from the grave reviv'd;
thee, Holy Ghoſt, from both deriv'd.

the Son, who was from death reſtor'd,
to endleſs ages be ador'd.

VENI CREATOR.

[*Second Metre.*]

COME, Holy Ghoſt, Creator come,
Till ev'ry heart, which thou haſt made,
Thou art the Comforter, the gift
The everlaſting ſpring of joy,

Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'ſt
The promiſe of the Father, thou
Enlighten our dark ſouls, till they
Aſſiſt our minds (by nature frail)

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
That by thy guidance bleſt we may
Teach us the Father to confeſs,
And, with them both, thee, Holy Ghoſt,

With thee, O Father, therefore may
And ſacred Comforter, one God,
As in all ages heretofore
As now it is, and ſhall be ſo,

inſpire the ſouls of thine:
is fill'd with grace divine.
of God, and fire of love;
and unction from above.

God's laws in each true heart:
doſt heav'nly ſpeech impart.
thy ſacred love embrace;
with thy celeſtial grace.

and give us peace within;
eſcape the ſnares of ſin.
and ſon from death reviv'd;
who art from both deriv'd.

the Son from death reſtor'd,
devoutly be ador'd;
has conſtantly been done,
when Time his courſe has run.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

O GOD we praiſe thee, and confeſs
And everlaſting Father art,
To thee all angels cry aloud;
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
The world is with the glory fill'd
The Apoſtle's glorious company,
With all the Martyrs noble hoſt,

The holy Church throughout the world,
That thou eternal Father art,
Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
O never ceaſing joy: O Chriſt,

The Father's everlaſting Son,
To ſave mankind, and didſt not then
And having overcome the ſting
The gates of Heav'n to all, who firm

that thou the only Lord
by all the Earth ador'd.
to thee the pow'rs on high,
continually do cry,

whom heav'nly Hoſts obey;
of thy majeſtic ray.
and prophets crown'd with light,
thy conſtant praiſe recite.

O Lord, confeſſes thee,
of bound'leſs majeſty,
and Holy Ghoſt the ſpring
of glory thou art King.

thou from on high didſt come
didſt'n the virgin's womb.
of death thou undidſt wide
in thy belief abide.

The Second Part.

Crown'd with the Father's glory, thou
Whence thou ſhalt come to be our judge,
O therefore ſave thy ſervants, Lord,
Nor let the purchaſe of thy blood,

We magnify thee day by day,
Vouchſafe to keep us, Lord, this day
Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord,
According as for mercy we

at God's right hand doſt ſit;
to ſentence or acquit.
whoſe ſouls ſo dearly coſt:
thy precious blood, be loſt.

and ever worſhip thee:
from ſin and danger free.
to us thy grace extend,
on thee alone depend.

In

In thee I have repos'd my truſt,
Preſerve me then from ruin here,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
and ever ſhall do ſo:
and from eternal woe.
the God whom we adore,
and ſhall be evermore.

For CHRISTMAS DAY.

(Morning Service.)

HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
For angels no ſuch love have known,
Good will to ſinful men is ſhown,
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
and join th' angelic throng,
t' awake a cheerful ſong.
and peace on Earth is giv'n;
with meſſages from Heav'n.

Juſtice and grace, with ſweet accord,
Let Heav'n and Earth in concert join,
Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains,
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
his riſing beams adorn;
to us a Child is born.
in higheſt worlds, be paid;
and by our lives diſplay'd.

When ſhall we reach thoſe bliſsful realms
And learn of the celeſtial choir
where Chriſt exalted reigns?
their own immortal ſtrains?

(Evening Service.)

HARK, the herald angels ſing
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Joyful all ye nations riſe,
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
glory to the new-born king,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.
join the triumph of the ſkies,
Chriſt is born in Bethlehem.

Hark, the herald angels ſing glory to the new-born king.

Chriſt by higheſt Heav'n ador'd,
Late in time behold him come,
Veil'd in fleſh the godhead he,
Pleas'd as man with man appear,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord,
offſpring of a virgin's womb:
hail th' incarnate deity:
Jeſus our Immanuel here.
Hark, the herald, &c.

Hail the Heav'n born prince of peace!
Light and life to all he brings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born to raiſe the ſons of Earth,
hail the ſun of righteouſneſs!
ris'n with healing in his wings:
born that man no more may die;
born to give them ſecond birth.
Hark, the herald, &c.

For EASTER DAY.

(Firſt Hymn.)

SINCE Chriſt, our paſſover, is ſlain
Let all with thankful hearts agree
Not with the leaven, as of old,
But with unfeign'd ſincerity,
a ſacrifice for all;
to keep the feſtival:
of ſin and malice fed;
and truth's unleaven'd bread.

Chriſt, being rais'd by power divine,
Shall die no more, death ſhall on him
For that he dy'd, 'twas for our ſins
But that he lives, he lives to God
and reſtor'd from the grave,
no more dominion have.
he once vouchſaf'd to die;
for all eternity.

So count yourſelves as dead to ſin,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
but graciouſly reſtor'd.
through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.
the God whom we adore,
and ſhall be evermore.

For EASTER DAY.

(Second Hymn.)

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd and made the firſt-fruits of the tomb;
For as by man came death, by man
For as in Adam all mankind
So by the righteouſneſs of Chriſt
If then ye riſen are with Chriſt,
The things that are above, where Chriſt
did reſurrection come.
did guilt and death derive,
ſhall all be made alive.
ſeek only how to get
at God's right hand doth ſet.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, the God whom Heav'n's triumphant hoſt,
And ſuff'ring ſaints on Earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages paſt,
as now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
When time itſelf muſt be no more.

For the SACRAMENT.

MY God, and is thy table ſpread,
Thither be all thy children led,
Hail, ſacred feaſt which Jeſus makes,
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
and doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
and let them all thy ſweetneſs know.
rich banquet of his fleſh and blood!
that ſacred ſtream, that heav'nly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Was not for you the victim slain?
O! let thy table honour'd be,
And may each soul salvation see,
before unwilling hearts display'd?
are you forbid the children's bread?
and furnish'd well with joyful guests!
that here it's sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd, with hearts inflam'd let all attend,
Nor, when we leave our Father's board, the pleasure or the profit end.
Receive thy dying churches, Lord, and bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford, a Saviour's blood alone can give.

For the MORNING.

AWAKE my soul, and with the Sun
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
Redeem thy misspent moments past,
Thy talents to improve take care,
thy daily stage of duty run;
to pay thy morning sacrifice.
and live this day as if the last;
for the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere, thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.
Wake, and lift up thyself my heart, and with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing high glory to th' eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above angelic host; praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BENEDICTUS; or,

The SONG of *Zacharias*, Luke i. 68.

NOW blest'd be Israel's Lord and God, whose mercy at our need
Has visited his people's grief, and them from bondage freed:
And rais'd in faithful David's house salvation, which of old,
E'er since the world itself began, his prophets had foretold.

To save us from our spiteful foes, and keep his oath in mind,
Which he to Abr'am heretofore, and to our fathers sign'd,
That we, from fear and danger freed, his temple may frequent;
And all our days, as in his sight, in holy life be spent.

And thou, O child, shalt then be call'd God's prophet, to declare
His message, and before his face his passage to prepare:
To give them light, who now in shades of night and death abide;
And in the way that leads to peace, our footsteps safely guide.

MAGNIFICAT; or,

The SONG of the *Blessed Virgin*, Luke i. 46.

MY soul and spirit fill'd with joy, my God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate his humble handmaid raise.
Me bless'd of God, the God of pow'r all ages shall confess:
Whose name is holy, and whose love his saints shall ever bless.

The proud, and all their vain designs, he quickly did confound:
He cast the mighty from their seat, the meek and humble crown'd.
The hungry with good things are fill'd, the rich with hunger pin'd;
He sent his servant Isr'el help, and call'd his love to mind.

Which to our fathers heretofore by oath he did insure:
To Abr'am and his chosen seed for ever to endure.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now, and shall be evermore.

NUNC DIMITTIS; or,

The SONG of St. *Simeon*, Luke ii. 29.

LORD, let thy servant now depart into thy promis'd rest,
since my expecting eyes have seen with thy salvation blest;
Which till this time thy favour'd saints, and prophets only knew;
Long since prepar'd, but now set forth in all the people's view.

A light to shew the heathen world the way to saving grace;
But O! the light and glory both of Isr'el's chosen race.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now and shall be evermore.

THE

THE CREED.

I Stedfastly believe in God,
Who made this lower world, and all
And I believe in Jesus Christ,
Th' Almighty Father's only Son,

Conceiv'd by th' Holy Ghost, and of
By Pontius Pilate doom'd to bear
Was crucify'd and for a time,
Descended into Hell; and rose

Ascended up to Heav'n; and there
From whence he shall return to judge
Likewise firmly do believe,
The holy universal church,

Forgiveness of repented sins,
The resurrection of the dead,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory, as it was, is now,

the Father of all might;
the glorious works of light.
the everlasting word:
and our most gracious Lord.

the Virgin Mary born;
most bitter pains and scorn.
both dead and bury'd lay;
to life on the third day;

at God's right hand is plac'd;
the quick and dead at last.
O Holy Ghost, in thee;
and saints' community.

(through Christ, our sacrifice)
and life that never dies.
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

The LORD's PRAYER.

[*First Metre.*]

OUR Father, who in Heaven art,
Thy kingdom come: may we fulfil,
With equal cheerfulness and love
Give us this day our daily bread:
But with thy grace preserve us still
For thine the kingdom, and the pow'r,

thy name be hallow'd in each heart.
who dwell on Earth, thy heav'nly will.
as saints and angels do above.
us into no temptation lead:
from Sin, and every thing that's ill.
and glory are for evermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Of saints and angels do adore,
It was, is now, and so shall be

the God whom all the sacred host
and glory be as heretofore
to ages of eternity.

The LORD's PRAYER.

[*Second Metre.*]

OUR Father, who in Heaven art,
Thy kingdom come: thy will be done
As cheerfully as 'tis by those
Lord, let thy bounty day by day

As we forgive our enemies,
Into temptation lead us not,
For kingdom, power, and glory, all
Thine from eternity they were,

all hallowed be thy name;
throughout this earthly frame,
who dwell with thee on high;
our daily food supply.

thy pardon, Lord, we crave;
but us from evil save.
belong, O Lord, to thee;
and thine shall ever be.

The LAMENTATION of a SINNER.

O Lord, turn not thy face from me,
Lamenting at my sinful life
A gate which opens wide to those
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,

And call me not to file account
For then my guilty conscience knows
I need not to confess my life
What I have been and what I am;

The circumstances of my crimes,
Thou knowest them all; and more, much more than I can call to mind;
Therefore, with tears, I come to beg
For pardon, like a child that dreads

So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
O Lord, I do repent
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory, as it was, is now,

who lie in woeful state,
before thy mercy-gate;
that do lament their sin:
but let me enter in.

how I have sojourn'd here:
how vile I shall appear.
to thee who best can tell
I know thou know'st it well.

their number and their kind,

of my offended God,
his angry parent's rod.

where mercy doth abound,
to heal my deadly wound.
the comfort I would have:
the blessing I do crave.

this is the total sum;
Lord, let thy mercy come;
the God whom we adore,
and shall be evermore.

SONG

SONG of the Angels, at the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour.

Luke II. *ver.* 8---15.

WHILE shepherds watch their flocks by night, all seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around.
" Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread had seiz'd their troubled mind,)
" Glad tidings of great joy I bring to you and all mankind:
" To you in David's town, this day is born of David's line,
" The Saviour who is Christ the Lord; and this shall be the sign:
" The heavenly babe you there shall find to human view display'd,
" All meanly wrapt in swathing bands, and in a manger laid."
Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus address'd their joyful song:
" All glory be to God on high, and to the Earth be peace;
" Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to men begin and never cease."

Three HYMNS for the Holy Communion

HYMN I.

Out of the *Revelation* of St. *John*.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, pow'r, art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy pow'r were made, and by thy bounty live.
And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r, honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength: who for our sins a sacrifice was slain.
All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd and ransom'd unto God,
From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast, by thy most precious blood.
Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r, by all in Earth and Heav'n,
To him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN II.

Revelation, Chap. xix.

ALL ye who faithful servants are of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great, his praises duly sing!
Let us rejoice and render thanks to his most holy name;
Rejoice, rejoice! for now is come the marriage of the Lamb.
His bride herself has ready made, how pure and white her dress!
Which is her saints integrity, and godliness holiness.
O therefore blessed is every one, who to the marriage-feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb, is called a welcome guest!

HYMN III.

The *Thanksgiving* in the *Church Communion Service*.

TO God be glory, peace on Earth, to all mankind good-will!
We bless, we praise, we worship thee, and glorify thee still.
And thanks for thy great glory give, that fills our souls with light;
O Lord! God! heavenly king! the God and Father of all might.
And thou, begotten Son of God, before all time begun:
O Jesu Christ! God, Lamb of God! the Father's only one!
Have mercy Thou, that take'st the sins of all the world away!
Have mercy, Saviour of mankind, and hear us when we pray!
O thou who sitt'st at God's right hand, upon the Father's throne,
Have mercy on us, Thou, O Christ, who art the holy One!
Thou, Lord,---who with the Holy Ghost, whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
In glory, of the Father art most high for evermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO God, our benefactor being the tribute of your praise;
Too small for an Almighty king, but all that we can raise.
Glory to Thee, blest'd Three in one, the God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and shall be done, when time shall be no more.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow; praise him all creatures here below;
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VENI CREATOR,---Firſt and Second Metre.
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For the HOLY COMMUNION,---Firſt, Second, and Third Parts.
GLORIA PATRI.

DIRECTIONS

ABOUT THE

TUNES and MEASURES.

ALL the Pſalms of this Verſion in the Common Meaſure of Eights and Sixes, that is, where the firſt and third Lines of the ſingle Stanza conſiſt of eight Syllables each, the ſecond and fourth Lines of ſix Syllables each, may be ſung to any of the moſt uſual Tunes, namely, York Tune, Windſor Tune, St. Mary's, Litchfield, Canterbury, Martyr's, St Mary's alias Hackney, St. Anne's Tune, &c.

As the Old 25th Pſalm, may be ſung the New 25, 31, 51, 67, 130, 142.
As the Old 113, the 33, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.
As the Old 148, the 130, 148.
As the Old 104, the 149.

The Pſalms in this Verſion of four Lines in a ſingle Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line, (if Pſalms of an ſo cheerfulneſs) may properly be ſung as the Old 100 Pſalm, or to the Tune of the old 125 Pſalm, ſecond Metre.

The Penitential or Mournful Pſalms, in the ſame Meaſure, may be ſung as the Old 51ſt Pſalm.

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